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THIRTEEN SATIRES OF JUVENAL

Juvenalis, Decimus Junius

THIRTEEN SATIRES

OF

JUVENAL

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH

BY

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PREFACE

This translation was originally brought out as the joint work of Dr. H. A. Strong, at that time Professor of Classics in Melbourne University, and the present writer. Three issues of the first edition having been sold out, the book has now been thoroughly revised and, to a large extent, rewritten. Dr. Strong's appointment to the Chair of Latin in Liverpool University College made a renewal of the literary partnership, for the purposes of any later edition, impracticable. For any defects, therefore, in the new edition the present writer must be held solely responsible.

The text generally followed is that of the second edition of Otto Jahn, which is, in the main, identical with that of Mayor; but Mayor's punctuation, where differing from Jahn's, has been for the most part adopted, and some of Bücheler's corrections have been accepted. The more important cases of diver-

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gence from the Jahn-Mayor text have been duly indicated.

Some brief Notes have been added to the translation, partly to distinguish the reading adopted by the translator, and partly for the purpose of justifying the rendering offered. A few illustrative quotations have also been included in the Notes, though Professor Mayor's magnificent work leaves very little to be gleaned by those who come after him.

The leading commentaries and versions, both English and foreign, have of course been consulted. The translator is under the weightiest obligation to Professor Mayor's edition, next to which he has derived most assistance from the late Mr. J. D. Lewis's notes. The translation by Mr. Lewis being a perfectly literal rendering (for the most part, it must be said, very accurate), has a somewhat different aim from the present version, which does not seek to compete with it upon its own lines.

The translator desires to express his very grateful acknowledgments to Professor Tucker of Melbourne University for many ingenious and learned suggestions; also to Mr. R. T. Elliott, M.A., late of Worcester College, Oxford, and now Classical Lecturer in Trinity College, Melbourne, who with

great kindness carefully read and revised the proof-sheets, and gave much scholarly and valuable assistance. The view taken by Professor Tucker of the earlier part of the twelfth Satire seems well worthy of attention.

It should, perhaps, be added that, until the notes had been printed, neither Professor Tucker nor the translator was aware that the suggestions there made had been to some extent anticipated by Haenicke in 1877.

Some allowance will, no doubt, be made for the difficulties besetting a work of this kind when produced at so great a distance from the older seats of learning, and with necessarily inferior opportunities of access to reference libraries and to special branches of periodical literature.

Trinity College, Melbourne University,
Oct. 26, 1891.

THIRTEEN SATIRES OF JUVENAL

Am *I* to be for ever nothing but a listener? Never to pay back [1] in kind, after being so often bored by that Theseid that has made Cordus hoarse? Is there then to be no redress, when one person has read me his comedy and another his elegy? No redress, when a whole day has been wasted by the bulky Telephus, or by Orestes, who, when the border to the very end of the roll was filled, was written all over on the back as well, and even yet is not finished? There is not a man more familiar with his own house than I am with the 'Grove of Mars' and 'Vulcan's cave hard by Aeolian cliffs.'[2] What the winds are about, what ghosts Aeacus is torturing, from what place such a one is carrying off the gold of the pilfered fleecelet, what the size of the mountain ashes that Monychus is hurling—all this is being for ever shouted by Fronto's planes and shivered marbles, and his pillars which are split with the everlasting reading.[3] Be the poet the

greatest or the least, you have the same to expect from him. Well, but I too have flinched from the rod. I too have tendered my advice to Sulla to retire into private life and get a sound sleep. It is a foolish leniency, when at every turn you run against so many inspired bards, to spare the paper which is sure to be spoilt.[4] But why I have a fancy for going through my paces on this very course over which Aurunca's great foster-son[5] guided his racers, if you have time and will quietly listen to my reasons, I will make known.

Since effeminate eunuchs take wives, and a Mevia spears the Tuscan boar, and bares her breasts, and wields the hunter's lance: and the whole patrician order is challenged to compete with the wealth of a single person, a fellow against whose razor my beard used to grate in my younger days: and a scrap of the proletariat of Egypt, Crispinus, a slave born and bred at Canopus, hitches up a Tyrian mantle with his shoulder, and fans the summer ring on his perspiring finger, unable to bear the weight of his heavier signet— why, to keep from writing satire is the difficulty. For who so tolerant of this wrong-headed city, who so callous, that he can contain himself, when Lawyer Matho's brand-new litter comes along, filled with his Greatness, and, after him, the betrayer of his distinguished friend, who will soon finish off the remnants of our nobility already preyed upon—the man whom Massa dreads,

whom Carus coaxes with gifts, as does Latinus too, in his panic privately despatching his Thymele; when you must 'move on' for those who earn a place in a will by foul night-work, men who are transported to the summit of their hopes by what is nowadays the surest path to the highest preferment—a rich old dame's lust? Proculeius gets *one* poor twelfth, but Gillo eleven-twelfths—each inheriting in proportion to his powers. By all means let him pocket the price of his life-blood, and be as pale as one who has trodden with his bare heel upon a snake, or as a speaker just on the point of declaiming at the Altar of Lyons.[6] Need I tell with what passion my fevered bosom burns when this wretch who plundered his ward and drove him to infamy is jostling the Roman people with his throngs of retainers; or when this man—Marius—after being condemned by a bootless verdict (for what matters disgrace, so the cash be safe?) is beginning his carousals in the land of his exile at two o'clock in the day,[7] enjoying the wrath of heaven, while you, poor province, are left with your verdict and your tears? Am *I* not to deem such things worthy of the midnight oil of the Venusian, am *I* not to pursue such themes? Well, but what should have the preference? The *Geste* of Hercules, say you, or of Diomede, or the bellowing in the Labyrinth, the Boy's splash in the sea, and the Smith[8] on the wing? What! seeing that a pander-husband inherits the

goods of the adulterer, when the wife cannot lawfully take them—a husband who has been schooled to gaze at the ceiling, schooled to snore over his cups with a wide-awake nose: seeing that a man thinks it no sin to aspire to the command of a cohort, who has lavished his substance on the stables, and has stripped himself of all his family wealth by furious driving on the Flaminian Road—a true young Automedon, for he handled the reins himself to show off to his mistress in the soldier's cloak? Is not one moved to fill a bulky note-book right in the middle of the cross-roads, when a man is carried past, already indulging in six bearers, showing himself to view on both sides—his sedan almost without a curtain—reminding one not a little of the way Maecenas used to lounge—a forger who[9] has made[10] himself aristocrat and millionaire with a little tablet and a damp seal? Now you are confronted by a lady of position, who, when her husband is thirsty, just before she hands him the mild Calenian, puts in a dash of poison, and, like a superior Lucusta, teaches her unsophisticated kinswomen to carry their livid husbands to burial right through the Town and all its gossip. If you would be a somebody,[11] then dare a something, to entitle you to the narrow bounds of Gyara and to a gaol. Virtue's lot is praise and—shivering in the cold. It is to crimes that men owe their pleasure grounds, their 'castles,' banquets, old silver, and goblets with goat's

figure in relief. Who can rest for the seducer who plays on his daughter-in-law's greed, for the thought of betrothed girls ruined, and adulterers in their teens? When Nature refuses, sheer scorn produces verse—the best it can: the kind of verses *I* write—or Cluvienus.

Beginning from the time when the rain-clouds lifted up the sea, and Deucalion climbed the mountain in a ship and asked for an oracle, and the breath of life gradually warmed the stones into soft flesh, and Pyrrha displayed to the men her naked maids—all men's doings from that time on, their wishes and fears, their resentments, their pleasures, their various pursuits, all these make up my literary hotchpotch. And when had vice a more luxuriant crop? When did avarice open her pocket wider? When had gambling such spirit? Why, nowadays, men do not try the hazard of the table with a mere cash-box to help them, but they stake their coffers on the game. What battles you will see going on there, with the cashier for armour-bearer! Is it lunacy or something worse to squander thus a hundred thousand sesterces, while you deny your shivering slave his shirt?[12] Which of our forefathers ever raised so many country-houses or had seven courses when he dined alone? Nowadays the dole is set out in all its paltriness[13] at the outer edge of the vestibule for the crowd to scramble for in their

Roman gowns. And yet the great man first scrutinises your features, and is all of a shiver lest you may be an impostor coming to apply under a false name. When identified you will get your share. He orders even those of true Trojan blood (for they too, just like ourselves, infest his threshold) to be called up by his 'herald.'[14] 'Give to the praetor: give then to the tribune.' But a freedman takes precedence. 'I am first,' says he, 'why fear or hesitate to hold my own, although born by the Euphrates—a fact which the womanish loop-holes in my ears will prove at once, even if I deny it? Still five shops bring me in[15] four hundred thousand sesterces. What does the broader purple offer worth a wish, if a Corvinus is but a hired shepherd in the Laurentine district, while I hold more land than Pallas or a Licinus?' Let them wait then, those tribunes: let wealth gain the day: and let him who was but lately come to Town, with his feet pipeclayed, decline to make room for the sacred office, since with us the divinity of riches is the most revered of all, even though mischievous money has not yet a fixed abode[16] in any temple, and we have raised no altar as yet to Cash, after the manner in which we worship Peace and Honour, Victory and Virtue, and Concord, the goddess who twitters when we salute her nest. But when chief magistrates calculate at the year's end what the dole brings in, how much it

adds to their income, what will retainers do who owe to this their gowns, to this their shoes, and the household food and fuel? The litters come in throngs for the hundred mites, and the wives though ill (perhaps pregnant) accompany their husbands and are taken the whole round. Here is one who makes a claim for his wife, though she is absent—by practice grown an adept at the trick—pointing to the closed but empty sedan which stands for the wife. 'It is my Galla,' he says, 'make haste and pass us on! Why so long? Galla, put your head out! Nay, don't disturb her, she'll be dozing.'

The very day has its elegant round of varied engagements. The dole: next the courts and Apollo, that finished lawyer, and the triumphal statues, among which some Egyptian fellow—some Arab official—has had the effrontery to place his record, against whose effigy it were no sin to commit the worst of nuisances. They turn away from the door, those retainers, old and weary, and give over their longings, although the hope of a dinner is the last that a man will part with. Poor creatures! they must pay for their cabbage and fuel; and all the while their liege lord will be devouring the delicacies of wood and ocean, reclining in lonely grandeur amid his empty couches. For, with all their handsome broad slabs of such rare antiquity,[17] they use only one table, and eat up whole fortunes off it. There will be no such thing as a parasite soon. But who can put up with

a stingy extravagance like this? What an appetite that must be that serves up for itself a whole boar, a creature that nature made for dinner-parties! But retribution is at hand, when after a surfeit you take off your clothes, and carry an undigested peacock into your bath. Hence sudden deaths of old men intestate and [18] the news, not unwelcome, that goes the round of the dinner-tables; forth comes the funeral procession, to be greeted with cheers by disgusted friends.

There will be nothing left for posterity to add to our wicked ways; the same will our children do and desire. Every vice has reached its climax. Up with your sails, poet; unfurl all your canvas. Here you will say [19] perhaps: 'Whence talent equal to the theme? Whence our fathers' straightforward style of writing whatsoever they would when their hearts burned within them?' '*Whose is the name I dare not mention? What does it matter whether Mucius pardon my gibes or not?*' 'Dare to portray Tigellinus, and you will be all alight in that coat of pitch in which the wretches stand burning who smoke with a stake through their breasts.[20] Nay, you are already marking[21] a broad furrow across the middle of the arena.' What, then: is the man who dosed three uncles with aconite to ride in a swinging couch of down, and shall he thence look scornfully upon us? 'When he comes across you, lay your finger on your lip. To him the man who says but the

word "That is he" will be an accuser. You may safely pit Aeneas against the dashing Rutulian.[22] No one comes to any harm through wounding Achilles, nor through Hylas, who went the way of his pitcher, and was sought so long. But whenever Lucilius with soul on fire has gnashed his teeth and bared his satiric blade, the hearer reddens up; guilt chills his soul; his inmost parts sweat 'neath the load of secret sin. "Hence rage and tears."[23] Therefore turn this over in your mind "or e'er the trumpet sound."[24] The helmet donned, too late to rue the fray.' Why, then, I will try to what lengths I may go against those whose ashes are covered by the Flaminian and Latin highways.

III

Much as I am troubled by the departure of my old friend, yet I commend him for his intention of making his home in deserted Cumae, and of presenting the Sibyl with at least one citizen. It is the entrance to Baiae—a delightful watering-place, picturesque and secluded. I, for my part, prefer even Prochyta to the Subura. For what spot has ever yet been seen so miserable, so lonely, that you would not prefer it to the terror of fires, the incessant falling

of houses, the countless other perils of this cruel Rome of ours, with poets giving readings in the month of August? But while his whole establishment was being packed on a single dray, Umbricius halted hard by the old arches of the dripping Capena gate, and thereupon we went down to where Numa kept nightly tryst with his mistress. In these days the grove and shrine of the holy spring are let out to the Jews, whose basket and wisp of hay are all their furniture; for every tree has been called on to pay rent to the State: the wood is a mass of beggary, and the native muses have been ejected. So we went down into the 'Valley of Egeria,' and the grottoes so little like nature's. How much better would the spirit of the spring make her presence felt if grass just enclosed the waters with a fringe of green, and no marble profaned the native tufa!

And at that spot Umbricius then begins: 'Since,' said he, there is no room in Town for an honourable career, no reward for hard work, and since one's property to-day is less than yesterday, and yet again to-morrow will lose something more from its small residue, I propose migrating to the spot where Daedalus doffed his weary wings, whilst my gray hairs are yet a new thing, whilst my old age is still fresh and unbent, whilst some of my life's thread is left for Lachesis to spin, and whilst I carry myself upon my own feet without a staff supporting my hand. Let me away from my

birthplace. Let Artorius and Catulus live in your midst, and let those stay who swear black is white, who do not scruple to take temple, river, harbour contracts, contracts for emptying sewers or for furnishing funerals, nor to put up their civic rights for sale under the spear that confers ownership. Yon fellows—once the horn-blowers and regular hangers-on of the provincial circus, whose puffed cheeks were a familiar sight through all the country towns—now *give* the shows, and butcher, for popularity, the wretch on whom the mob passes sentence with thumbs turned inwards: when they come home they farm the public jakes. And why not anything, since it is such as these that Fortune, when in a frolicsome mood, uplifts from meanness to high pinnacles of power? What am I to do at Rome? I do not know how to lie. When a book is bad I cannot praise it and beg the loan of it. I am a dunce at astrology, and as for guaranteeing a parent's demise, I neither will nor can. I have never investigated the entrails of frogs: conveying to a married lady an admirer's presents or messages—others know how to do. No rogue shall ever have my help; and so I go out in no governor's suite, just as though I were a cripple—a useless lump with a withered hand. Who has a friend now, unless he be an accomplice, unless his fevered heart throb with the guilty secret his tongue may never tell?[1] He who has made you the repository of an honourable secret

—nothing is what he thinks he owes you, and nothing will he ever pay you. The man who can prosecute Verres at any moment, he will be Verres' friend. But prize not all the sands of the murky Tagus, with all its gold that rolls into the sea, so highly as for its sake to lose your sleep, and to your sorrow accept gifts that you cannot keep, and be always feared by your great friend.

'And now I will at once admit to you—no false shame shall stop me—what class is most in favour with our wealthy men, and whom most of all I am flying from. I cannot abide, fellow-citizens, a Greecised Rome; and yet, after all, what a fraction of that *canaille* are true Achaeans! Syrian Orontes has long been rolling his flood into Tiber, and has brought with him his language and morals, his slanting harp-strings and pipers, the timbrels of the country, too, and the courtesans who ply their trade at the circus under orders. Thither away, all ye who have a fancy for an outlandish wench in a gaudy turban. Your yeoman citizen, Quirinus, dons his Greek boots and wears a Greek collar upon a neck rubbed with Greek ointment. Here is one who has turned his back on Sicyon on the Hill, another on Amydon, a third on Andros, another on Samos, another on Tralles or Alabanda—all bound for the Esquiline, and the hill that is the osier's namesake, to become the intimates of great men's households, and in the end

their masters. What a quick intellect, what desperate effrontery, what a ready tongue, surpassing Isaeus himself in fluency! Tell me, now, what do you take him for? In his own person he has brought us—why, whom you will—critic, rhetorician, geometer, painter, trainer, prophet, rope-dancer, doctor, sorcerer. The starveling Greek knows everything. Order him to heaven—he'll be off. In a word, it was no Moor, nor Sarmatian, nor Thracian, that *did* take wings and fly, but one born in the heart of Athens. Shall I not flee from their purple robes? Is yonder fellow, whom the wind blew to Rome with our plums and figs, to have precedence of me in signing his name? Is he to pillow his form on a superior couch at table? Is it to go so utterly for nought that my babyhood breathed the air of the Aventine, and was nurtured on the Sabine berry? Mark how that race, so adroit in flattery, extols the foolish friend's conversation, the ill-favoured friend's features; how they compare some weakling's scraggy neck with the throat of a Hercules holding Antaeus far above the ground, or admire a harsh voice which is not a whit better than the cry of a cock when he feathers his hen. True, *we* may flatter just like them; but *they* are believed. Does any comedian surpass them in playing a Thais, or a matron, or a Dorian maid with her simple attire—and in truth, to all appearance, it *is* a real woman speaking, not a stage impersonation: you would swear there was a

woman's form before your eyes! And yet, not Antiochus even, nor Stratocles, no, nor Demetrius, nor girlish Haemus will rouse astonishment in Greece. The whole breed of them are actors. If you but smile, your Greek shakes his sides with heartier merriment; he weeps, if he has spied a tear in his friend's eye, and yet he feels no grief. If you ask in winter time for a bit of fire, he takes an overcoat: should you remark, "I feel warm," he is in a sweat. So we are not on equal terms. The advantage is with the man who can borrow an expression from his neighbour's face, who at a moment's notice will throw up his hands and applaud, if his patron has hiccoughed freely, or done some other natural act successfully, or turned his gold cup bottom up and drained it with a smack. Ay, and nothing is held sacred by them: nothing is safe from their lust—not the matron of Rome, nor the virgin daughter, nor the beardless lad betrothed to her, nor your son untainted hitherto. Failing all these, he debauches his friend's grandmother. They are bent on knowing the secrets of the family, and so being formidable. And, since we have come to talk of Greeks, leave out of count the playgrounds of vice, and hear a crime of a higher degree. Barea, although his friend and pupil, was done to death by the old Stoic turning informer, who was bred on that river side where lighted the pinion of the Gorgon-hack.[2] No opening is left for any Roman

here under the kingship of a Protogenes, a Diphilus, or Hermarchus, who, true to the national failing, never shares a friend, but keeps him to himself; for, when he has infused into his patron's receptive ear a drop of the poison he owes to his nature and his country, I must "move on" from his doorway—the years of tedious servitude have gone for nothing. Nowhere else is a client's loss so trifling.

'Besides, not to flatter ourselves, of what avail at Rome are a poor man's friendly offices, or service rendered, however diligent he be to set off at a run in full dress ere daybreak, seeing that even a praetor is urging forward his lictor, and bidding him go his fastest, because childless widows have long been awake, and haply his colleague may be the first to say good-morning to Albina and Modia? Here we have one of gentle blood giving the wall to a wealthy slave, for the latter bestows on one of his high-born mistresses the pay of all the tribunes of a legion each time he seeks her favours, while you think twice before you venture on the cheapest dissipation. At Rome, if you produce a witness of character as spotless as the host of Ida's Deity,—nay, though Numa himself come into court, or he who rescued the scared Minerva from her blazing temple,—we straightway refer to his income; the last inquiry made will be of character. "How many servants does he keep? How many acres of land does he hold? Number and

size of the dishes on his table?" The value of one's word is measured strictly by the cash he keeps in his coffer. Swear, if you will, by the shrines of all the gods of Rome, and Samothrace to boot; if poor, it is thought that you despise Heaven and its thunders, and that the gods themselves don't mind. And think what occasion and excuse for merriment the poor man gives to the world, with his shabby, ragged cloak, or his slightly soiled gown, or a hole in one of his shoes where the leather has burst, or (if the wound has been closed) a number of scars showing the coarse, fresh stitching. This is the hardest thing that wretched penury brings with it—it makes a man a laughing-stock. "Away with the fellow for very shame," is the word; "let him get off the knights' cushions; his means do not satisfy the statute! And give those seats to pimps' brats—no matter what brothel was their birthplace. Here let the son of a smart auctioneer clap hands among a gladiator's foppish boys and a fencing-master's bullies. Such was the pleasure of empty-headed Otho, who assigned the seats." Who is approved as a son-in-law at Rome, if his means are too small to match the lady's fortune? What poor man is ever named in a will? When is he an aedile's assessor? Rome's warriors (the penniless ones) ought long ago in serried ranks to have — emigrated. 'Tis hard for men to rise whose worth finds its way barred by straitened

means; but at Rome they have the sorest struggle of all. How dear the meanest lodging! how dear slaves' keep! and the plainest little dinner how dear! And here you blush to dine off earthenware, which you would say was no disgrace, were you transported suddenly among the Marsi or to a Sabine dinner-table. There, too, you would wear contentedly your coarse green hood. Through much of Italy (if we can admit that truth to ourselves) none wear the citizen's gown till after death. Yea, and what time they celebrate in sod-built theatre the festal rites of holy days, and when the familiar farce now comes upon the boards once more, and the peasant babe, at its mother's breast, shrinks in terror from the ghastly gaping mask, you will see but one sort of dress—populace and reserved seats just the same; even the high and mighty village magistrates find their white blouses enough to cover their honoured worships. In Rome men dress in a showy style beyond their means, and the "more" than we require we now and again borrow from a neighbour's coffer. The vice is universal. Here we live in pretentious beggary—every one of us. Why go on? In Rome *everything* costs money. What do you pay to be allowed an occasional morning call on Cossus, or that Veiento may give a condescending glance without opening his lips? One shaves the beard, another cuts off the locks of a favourite slave. The house is full of cakes

—FOR SALE! So take your cake, and take this thought to leaven it: We poor dependents have to pay blackmail to swell the perquisites of pampered menials.

'Who fears or ever feared the fall of a house at cool Praeneste, or Volsinii that lies among its wooded hills, or in unsophisticated Gabii, or on the heights of sloping Tibur? But the city we live in now consists largely of the flimsy props that shore it up. For thus the house-agent keeps us from toppling over, and, when he has covered an old gaping crack, he bids us sleep in peace,—and a collapse imminent! I must live in some place where fires and night-alarms are unknown. Hark! Ucalegon is bawling for water, and now he's shifting his chattels, and, there you are! the second floor is smoking, you all unconscious! For, if the alarm is raised at the foot of the stairs, the last to ignite will be the lodger, who has only a tile to keep the rain off him, up there where the gentle doves lay their eggs. Codrus had a bed too short for Procula, and six little pipkins to make his sideboard gay. Besides, there was a tiny drinking-bowl beneath, and a recumbent Chiron, too, under the same marble slab, and a well worn hamper held his Greek books, and there the barbarian mice were gnawing the heaven-born poems. In fact Codrus had nothing. Too true! Still he has lost the whole of that nothing, poor soul! And this—the final crown to his woes—

when he is naked and begging for scraps, not one will comfort him with a meal, not one with the shelter of a roof. But if "The Asturian's"[3] grand mansion has been laid low, mothers put on wedes, the nobility goes into mourning, the judge adjourns the court. Ah! then we lament the accidents of city life, and hate the very name of fire! It is still burning, and already one hurries up to offer the marble and a share in the cost of rebuilding. Another will send white marble nudes; another some choice work of Euphranor or Polyclitus, time-honoured ornaments of "slippered" gods; and another again will offer books and cases, and with them a Minerva as a centre-piece; and another a peck of silver. Persicus, the most sumptuous of our childless men,[4] improves in quantity and quality on what he lost, and is ere long suspected (and with reason) of having fired his house with his own hand. If you can tear yourself from the circus games, an excellent house is to be got at Sora, Fabrateria, or Frusino for one year's rent of that dark den of yours. There, with your bit of garden, and a well not too deep down, where the water needs no rope to lift it, but is easily drawn off and poured upon the tiny plants, live on, a votary of the hoe, and lord of a well-kept manor, from which you could dine a hundred Pythagoreans. It is something, in whatever spot, in whatever nook, to have made yourself the proprietor of even a solitary lizard.

'Many a patient here is killed by sleeplessness (though the illness had its origin in undigested food clogging and inflaming the stomach), for what lodging-house gives admittance to sleep? In Rome sleep is a luxury of the wealthy, and this is the root of the disease. The traffic of carts in narrow, winding streets, and the din when a herd of cattle is blocked, would rob of his sleep even a Drusus, or a sea-calf!

'If social duty call your rich man forth, the crowd will give way as he is borne along, and he will speed on above their heads in his big palanquin, reading or writing upon the way, or even dozing inside (for a litter with its windows closed promotes slumber), and yet he will get there first. As I hurry on, I am stopped by the surging mass in front, while a great host of people following presses at my back; one hits me with his elbow, a second with the hard pole of a litter, a third bangs a beam, and another a jar against my head. My legs are caked with mud; and then those around trample me with their big feet, and a soldier's boot-nail sticks in my toe. See what a smoke rises from the crowd round "The Dole,"—a hundred guests, each with his private stove behind him. A Corbulo could scarcely bear on top of his head all those big utensils, all that gear, which the poor little slave carries with neck unbent, keeping the fire alight by his pace. The blouses (not long mended) are torn afresh, as a float comes on with

a tall fir swaying to and fro, while another vehicle carries a pine: the trees nod high in air and menace the people of Rome. Only suppose a dray loaded with Ligurian marble to have turned over, and to have upset that mountain of rock, and discharged it on the troops of passers-by, and what is there left of them? Who can find the limbs and bones? Every one of their vulgar carcasses is pulverised, and vanishes like a breath. Meanwhile some unsuspecting household is even now washing the plates, puffing away, and blowing up the little fire, oiling and clattering the flesh-scrapers, and laying out the towels and a freshly filled ointment bottle; but, while the servants briskly ply their various tasks, the master is already seated on the river-bank, filled with a newcomer's horror of the grim Ferryman, nor does he hope, poor soul! to be ferried over the turbid stream, having no copper in his mouth to tender.

'Now, deign a glance at other and distinct perils of the night: the height of those towering housetops from which a potsherd strikes your skull! Think how often cracked or broken earthenware is thrown from the windows! See with what force it dents and scores the flint pavement. You might well be deemed apathetic and careless about casualties if you went out to dine and no will made: so true is it that death waits for you at every open lighted window that you pass that night. Then hope and

pray, with silent agonised vows, that the windows may content themselves with merely *emptying* on you the broad foot-pans. Your drunken bravo, too, if so be he has cudgelled no one, suffers for it by having as bad a night as Peleus' son when mourning for his friend—now lying on his face, a moment after on his back. Is this the only way then for him to get his sleep? With some people, only a fight gives rest. Still, however reckless from youth and heated with wine, he gives a safe berth to one from whom he is warned off by the scarlet mantle and long-drawn escort, with its many torches and bronze lamps. For me, who have generally only the moon to see me home, or else a short-lived dip, the wick of which I must husband and economise—for me he has nothing but scorn. Mark the prelude to the wretched fight, if that be a fight where you give, and I just take the knocks. He halts in front, and bids me halt. I must needs obey, for what is one to do when at the mercy of a madman stronger than one's self? "Whence do you come?" he yells. "Whose sour wine, whose beans have puffed you up[5] like that? What cobbler has shared with you his cutleek and sodden sheep's head? Do you not answer me? Speak, or be kicked! Out with it! Where do you stand to beg? In what Jews' chapel[6] am I to look for you?" Whether you try to speak or silently retreat, it's all one; they beat you all the same,

and then they get indignant and bind you over to appear in Court. This is the poor man's privilege. When thrashed, he may beg, when mangled with buffets, may entreat permission to take just a few of his teeth away with him. Nor is this all you have to fear. You will not be left without some one to rob you when the houses are shut up, shop-doors everywhere barred and chained, and all quiet. Sometimes, too, the footpad suddenly appears and goes to work with the knife. At such times as the Pomptine Marsh and Gallinarian Pine-wood are kept in safety by the presence of an armed guard, then they all swarm thence to Rome, as if to their feeding-ground. Is there a furnace, is there an anvil that is not forging heavy chains? Most of our iron is used on fetters, so that you may well fear a dearth of ploughshares, a scarcity in rakes and mattocks. Happy, you may say, were our grandsires' grandsires, and blest the age of kings and of tribunes long ago, which saw Rome satisfied with one solitary gaol.

'To these I could have added many other reasons. But my team calls me; the sun is setting; I must away. The muleteer has long been brandishing his whip and signalling to me. And so, farewell. Do not forget me, and as often as Rome restores you, when seeking to recruit your health, to the care of your own Aquinum, draw me away, too, from Cumae to visit Helvian Ceres and your patroness Diana. I will

don my soldier's boots and come to your cool land for active service with your satires, unless they blush to have my aid.'

IV

CRISPINUS again! Yes, I must often cast him for his rôle.[1] A monster! without one virtue to redeem his vice. A sickly voluptuary, strong in nothing but lust. An adulterer! who scorns no charms save those of the husbandless. What matter, then, how large the colonnades where he breathes his team, how vast the shady groves through which he is borne, how many acres and what mansion he has bought near the Forum? No vicious man is happy, least of all a seducer—an incestuous one, to boot: who so lately debauched a vestal—ay, and with her sacred fillet on—and doomed her to a living tomb. But now of faults less heinous, 'tis true, and yet such as, if another had committed them, would convict him before the censor; for that which means disgrace to honest Titius and Seius sat gracefully upon Crispinus. What are you to do when a character is so abominable that its foulness transcends any accusation? He bought a mullet for 6000 sesterces; true, he got a

pound of fish for each thousand—at least so say they who make a good story better. All honour to the master-stroke, if, by a gift even of such a price, he carried off the first place in a childless old man's will! He had a still further excuse, if he presented it to his noble mistress, who takes her airing in her closed 'grotto' with the big windows. Do not expect any such thing. He bought it for himself. We see many things nowadays which poor thrifty Apicius[2] never did. Was this the price, you who once wore the national papyrus apron (and nothing else), was this the price, Crispinus, you paid for a bit of fish! Methinks the fisherman could have been bought cheaper than the fish. The provinces can sell you a manor at the price—ay, and Apulia a really big one. What feasts must we suppose our 'Captain'[3] to have gorged when the be-purpled jester of his exalted court swallowed all those thousands in one small fraction taken from the side-dishes of an ordinary dinner! And now he is our Chief Knight; he who once used to cry for sale a damaged lot of his fellow-burghers—the shads. Begin, Calliope! You may even keep your seat. It is not an epic. There is a true tale on hand. Tell it, Pierian maids, and give me your blessing for calling you *maids*.

What time the last of the Flavian line was mangling the world, which was even then half dead and Rome was in bondage to 'Nero the Bald,

just in front of Venus' house, perched on Doric Ancon's height, there fell into the net an Adriatic turbot, a marvel of size, which filled its folds. The captive was no whit smaller than those that the Maeotic ice encloses, until it is dissolved at last by the suns of summer, when it discharges them into the channel of the rushing Pontus, sluggish and bloated after their long winter's idleness. The master of the boat and net reserves this prodigy for the High Priest;[4] for who would dare to offer for sale or to purchase such a fish, when even the sea-shore swarmed with crowds of informers? Those ubiquitous 'inspectors of sea-weed' would quickly take the law of the fisherman before he could dress, nor scruple to declare the fish a runaway, that had long fed in Caesar's preserves, had thence escaped, and ought to revert to its original owner. If we can trust Palfurius and Armillatus at all, there is not a fine nor fair creature all ocean over, no matter where it swims, but is a perquisite of the Emperor. So it shall be made a gift, lest it go for nought. And now, though deadly Autumn was flying before the frosts, and fever patients were hoping for a change to ague: though the bleak winter wind was howling and keeping the prize untainted, yet he hurries as though the Sirocco were chasing him. And when the lakes lay at his feet where Alba even in ruins keeps Troy's fire alive, and worships Vesta the Less, the wondering crowd

for a moment barred his entry. Then, as they stood aside, the doors with condescending hinges opened wide. The Fathers excluded gaze at the fish admitted. It is ushered into the presence of the 'Son of Atreus,' and the man of Picenum says, 'Take what is too great for a subject's kitchen, and keep to-day as sacred to your Genius. Lose no time in making room for the dainty,[5] and eat up a turbot reserved expressly for your days. The fish even courted capture.' What more barefaced? And yet his Highness' crest began to rise. There is no flattery that 'Majesty,' when exalted to the level of the Gods, cannot swallow. But there was no dish large enough for the fish. And so he calls a council of his courtiers, those courtiers whom he detested, and on whose faces sat the pallor and the misery of Royalty's friends 'Make haste, he is seated,' cries the Liburnian usher, and the first to snatch up his cloak [6] and come hurrying in was Pegasus, lately appointed bailiff of the scared city. Were the Prefects then anything else than Bailiffs? He was the best of them, and the most conscientious expounder of the law, although he thought that Justice might in all her administration dispense with her sword, even in that dreadful time. Next comes genial old Crispus, whose character matched his eloquence—a man of kindly temper. What better minister for the ruler of all seas, and lands, and nations, if under the sway of that deadly

pest it were possible to condemn cruelty and offer honest counsel? But what more capricious than the ear of a despot who holds in the balance all the time the life of his 'friend,' who is going to talk about the rain, or the heat, or the spring thunderstorms? And so he never struck out against the stream, nor was he patriot enough to give free utterance to his thoughts, and stake his life upon the truth. Thus armed, even in that court he was secure, and saw the flight of many a winter—yea, his eightieth summer. The next to hurry in was one of equal years, Acilius, with his young son, who little deserved the cruel death awaiting him, that untimely death by his 'Lord's' cut-throats. But old age in the person of a nobleman has long been nothing less than miraculous; and so I would rather be the little brother of a 'son of the soil.' Therefore it availed the poor wretch nothing that in the light dress of a hunter he closed with Numidian bears, and speared them in the circus at Alba. For who can now fail to see through these aristocratic arts? Who, Brutus, now admires that primitive craft of yours? It is an easy matter to outwit an old-world monarch. And there went Rubrius, with face no less gloomy, spite of his low birth—guilty in days gone by of the sin we must not mention, and yet more impudent than a profligate who writes satire. Montanus' big belly is also in attendance—its bulk delayed him; and Crispinus,

early as it is, reeking of perfumes, enough almost for two funerals; and Pompeius too, more ruthless yet than he in slitting throats by an insinuating whisper; and Fuscus, who was nursing his vitals for the Dacian vultures, and planning campaigns in his marble mansion; sly Veiento too, with the murderous Catullus, who burned with passion for a girl whom he never saw, a monster strange and startling even in these days—the blind toady, the loathsome bridge-loafer come to court; fit only to beg at the side of carriages on the Arician Road, and blow his sweet kisses to the descending vehicles. Not one of them lost his head more over the turbot, for he poured forth his admiration, turning to his left—and all the time the monster lay on his right. Even so he would admire the strokes and skill of Cilix, and the stage machinery that shot boys up to the awnings. Veiento is not to be outdone; but, as it were, in a frenzy, and stung, Bellona, by thy gad-fly, he breaks into prophecy: 'A solemn intimation this of a great and glorious triumph! Some king shall be your captive, or Arviragus shall tumble from his British chariot! The monster is a foreigner! See those spines presented rearwards.'[7] Fabricius was at fault only as to the turbot's age and nation. 'How do you vote, then? For cutting up?' 'Heaven spare it that indignity!' exclaimed Montanus. 'Prepare a deep dish to enclose its vast circumference with a thin

wall. Such dish demands the prompt assistance of a great Prometheus. Quick, there! Clay and a potter's wheel! But, Caesar, from this time forward let potters be attached to your camp.'[8] The resolution was adopted; worthy of its mover, so familiar with the Court luxury of former days, and Nero's orgies kept up till midnight, and the unnatural appetite that came when the vitals were heated with Falernian. Never in my time has there been a more finished gourmet. He had skill to discriminate at the first taste whether oysters were Circean 'natives,' or bred on Lucrine rocks, or the produce of the beds of Rutupiae. One glance at a sea-urchin and he would name its native shore. The council rises. The meeting is dissolved, and the nobles are dismissed, whom their mighty Chief had dragged to his Alban Castle in panic and urgent haste, as though he had some news to tell of the Catti or of the savage Sicambrians, or as though alarming despatches had come with the speed of the wind from opposite quarters of the world.

And would that he had chosen to spend on such trifling all the bloody days in which he robbed Rome of those lofty, noble souls, with none to punish, none to avenge! But not till the 'Cobblers' began to take alarm did he fall. That was what brought destruction on one who reeked with the blood of the Lamiae.

V

If you are not yet ashamed of your course of life, if you are still of the same mind, so as to think that the 'chief good' is living on your neighbour's loaf, if you can stand affronts which even Sarmentus and the worthless Gabba would not have brooked at Caesar's ill-assorted dinners, I should hesitate to accept your evidence, no matter how you had sworn to it. I know nothing easier to support than the stomach. But, grant that you have been left without even so much as quiets a craving belly, is there no unoccupied kerbstone, is there no bridge, nor half a beggar's mat anywhere vacant? Can you so prize a dinner bought with flouts: can your hunger be ravenous enough for this, when it would be less degrading to shiver in the street and to gnaw a coarse dog-biscuit?

Impress this, first of all, on your mind. The invitation to his table is the payment in full for your patient attentions. The great man's friendship has produced—a meal! Your liege lord makes a merit of it—yes, a merit of it, however rare his favours. And so, if once in a couple of months he has taken it into his head to invite his well-snubbed hanger-on, but only that a third place might not be wasted and

a couch left unfilled, 'Make one of us,' he says. The zenith of your hope! What more do you want? Trebius is paid for his broken slumbers, and shoe-strings left untied through fear lest the whole host of morning visitors may have already made their round, while the stars are paling, or even while the sluggish Wains of the Herdsman are turning in a wintry sky. But what a dinner! The wine is such that greasy wool would scorn to imbibe it. You will see it transforming the guests into maniacs. Jeers are the prelude to the fray. Presently you are flinging goblets and you have got a wound, and mop your gashes with a napkin red with blood—all this, whenever a quarrel begins between yourself and his suite of quondam slaves, and is hotly waged with Saguntine ware for weapons. The host drinks wine racked off in days when Consuls wore the beard. The cup he holds contains the juice of grapes crushed in the Social War; but never a spoonful will he send to a dyspeptic friend. To-morrow he will drink of a brand from Alba's or Setia's hills, with name and vintage worn away by age, and with soot coating the old jar—such as used to be drunk by Thrasea and Helvidius when wearing their garlands upon the birthdays of Cassius and the Bruti. Host Virro uses large goblets embossed with amber and beryl-studded beakers. Not even gold is trusted in your hands, or if it ever be, a guard is posted hard by, to count the

jewels and keep a watch upon sharp finger-nails. Excuse him. There is a jasper there [1]—a splendid one, and much admired; for Virro, like many others, transfers his gems from his fingers to his cups—those gems that the young hero who was preferred to jealous Iarbas used to wear upon the front of his scabbard. You will drain a crazy four-nozzled cup that bears the name of Beneventum's Cobbler, and that with its cracked glass is asking to be changed for brimstone. If wine and food fever his lordship's stomach, boiled water, cooled with Getic snows, is in request. Was I complaining just now that the same wines are not served to you? The very water that you drink is different. Your cup will be handed by a Berber footboy, or by a bony-fingered, swarthy Moor, whom you would not care to meet at midnight when riding past the tombs on the steep Latin Road. Before the host will stand the Flower of Asia, who cost a sum beyond the joint estates of 'Fighting Tullius' and Ancus—more, in short, than all the goods and chattels of Rome's whole line of kings. So, when you are thirsty, look to your Berber Ganymede. A youth, who cost so many thousands, is quite above mixing a poor man's wine; but his beauty and his years justify his disdain. When does *he* come to you? When does he answer your call, and serve you with 'hot' or 'cold'? In fact he scorns to attend on an old retainer, and resents your giving orders

and reclining, while he stands. All great houses abound with insolent menials. Note how that other grumbled, as he handed you the bread almost too hard to break—stale and mouldy lumps of meal, only too likely to loosen your back teeth, and quite bite-proof. But for my lord there is kept soft snowy bread of the finest flour. Hands off, remember! Respect the sacred bread-pan! Suppose yourself, however, a trifle presuming, then there is some one standing over you to make you drop the bread. 'You saucy guest, be good enough to satisfy your wants from your accustomed tray, and recognise the colour of your own bread.' 'And so it was for this,' you will say, 'that I so often left my wife's side, and hurried over the steep of the bleak Esquiliae, while the Thunder God was growling, and the spring hail pelted pitilessly, and my cloak was all a-dripping with the drenching shower.' But see the lobster that is brought to my lord—with how stately a front it parts in twain[2] the dish: see the hedge of asparagus around it, and the tail with which it flouts the company, as it makes its entry, borne high in the tall footman's hands; while a little crawfish, garnished[3] with half an egg, is set before you upon a tiny platter—fit for a funeral feast. The great man souses his fish in the oil of Venafrum. The sickly cabbages brought to you, my poor fellow, will reek of the lamp. On your plates is bestowed a something

that was brought up the Tiber in some Micipsa's sharp-prowed canoe—the same thing that keeps our countrymen from bathing in a Bocchar's company, and is a sure protection against venomous snakes. My lord's mullet will be one that has been sent him by Corsica or the rocks of Tauromenium; for all our own seas have been ransacked, and have already become exhausted, while Gluttony's rage is not appeased; and so our Fish-market with persevering net goes on exploring the neighbouring waters, and we do not suffer the Tuscan fish to attain maturity. And thus it is the provinces supply our kitchens. Thence are procured the dainties for fortune-hunting Laenas to buy, and for his Aurelia to sell again. Virro is served with a lamprey—the largest yielded by the Sicilian whirlpool; for while the South Wind keeps himself quiet, and sits in his prison, drying his dripping wings, the very midst of Charybdis has no terrors for the reckless seines. For you there waits an eel, the cousin of the long snake, or else a pike of the Tiber, mottled with frost-bite—he too[4] a low-born native of the bank, that has grown fat on the stream of sewage, and that has many a time explored the drains in the heart of Subura.

And now I should like a word with the host, if he would listen graciously. No one asks you for such bounties as Seneca's ordinary gifts to his poor

friends, nor for presents like what worthy Piso and Cotta used to lavish; for in the days of old the distinction of giving was valued more than titles and insignia. We only ask that you be our equal at dinner. Do this, and you may remain—yes, you may remain—like many nowadays, a spendthrift on your own pleasures, a niggard on your friends'.

Before the master there steams the liver of an overgrown goose, a crammed fowl as big as a goose, a boar worthy of 'yellow-haired' Meleager's steel. Then truffles will be handed to him, if it be Spring, and welcome thunderstorms enrich his bill of fare. 'Libya, keep your corn to yourself,' Alledius cries, 'and unyoke your oxen, if only you send us truffles.' Meantime, to make you angry as can be, observe that capering carver making his flourishes with his nimble knife, until he has gone through the whole of the professor's lesson. No doubt it makes no slight difference with what gestures the hare and fowl respectively are carved. If once *you* dare to open your lips, on the strength of being the possessor of three names like any free man, then, just like Cacus after the bludgeoning he got from Hercules, you will be dragged forth by the heels and deposited outside. When does Virro pledge you, or take a cup polluted by your lips? And which of you so reckless and so lost to shame as to ask His Majesty to take wine with you?

There is many a speech tabooed to a ragged coat. Suppose a God or some mere mortal, equal to the Gods and kinder than the Fates, presented you with a knight's estate—from being a nobody, oh, what a friend, what a friend of Virro's would you then become! 'Help Trebius.' 'Set this before Trebius.' 'Dear brother, have a slice of the under-cut.'[5] Ah, Money, it is you he honours thus—it is you who are his brother! But if you would be yourself a patron and your patron's lord, then have not

'A small Aeneas gambolling in your hall,'

nor a daughter, sweeter still to your heart. One's wife's barrenness makes one a welcome and an honoured friend.[6] But, as it is, your Mygale may be brought to bed, and set a triplet of boys upon their father's knee; your lord will be delighted with the chattering brood, and will order in the green jerkin, and the filberts, and the copper that little Master Parasite begs for whenever he comes to table. The despised hangers-on will be served with mushrooms of a dubious sort, his lordship with a beauty, ay, as fine as Claudius ate before that given him by his wife, after which he never ate again. Virro will have himself and the rest of the Virros helped to fruit, on the bare scent of which you might make a meal[7]—like the produce of Phaeacia's endless harvest-tide, or such as you might fancy were filched from the

'coloured' Sisters, whilst you regale yourself with a rotten apple, such as is munched upon the Embankment by the figure that wears the casque and buckler, and is schooled by the terrors of the lash to shoot his javelin from the back of his shaggy goat. Perhaps you may fancy that Virro wants to economise. No, he sets himself to torment you. For what dinner-farce or interlude can surpass 'The Wail of the Belly'? So, let me tell you, it is all done to make you vent your spite in tears, and gnash and grind your teeth again and again. You think yourself a free man and a monarch's guest. He regards you as the slave of his savoury cookery. Nor is he far wrong; for who, however destitute, could tolerate the fellow more than once, whether one has been born to the Tuscan gold or to the poor man's badge—the leathern knot? A vision of fine fare lures you on. 'See! He is going now to send the remaining half of the hare and a piece of the boar's haunch! That capon, too small for himself, will reach us presently!' And so you wait in silence, with bread in hand unbroken, ready for action. He shows his sense who makes this use of you. If you *can* endure every affront, then you deserve it. Some day you will shave your head and let it be whacked—ay, and you will even brave the sting of the lash, and so prove yourself worthy of such a feast and such a friend.

VII

THE future of literature and the inducements to it depend on Caesar wholly. He alone looked with pity on the disconsolate Muses in these times, when even poets of fame and note were trying the experiment of renting a little bathing-house at Gabii, or a bakery at Rome, and others thought it no disgrace or shame to turn public criers: when Clio, for very hunger, left Aganippe's glades, and removed to the auction-rooms. For if not one copper reveals its face to you in the Pierian groves, then be content with a Machaera's fame and fare, and sell (for it is the better course) what the strife of the auction-room disposes of to the bidders—wine-holders, tripods, cabinets, baskets, Paccius' *Alcithoe*, or Faustus' *Thebes* and *Tereus*. Better this than to swear in court 'I witnessed,' what you witnessed not, though Knights of Asia and Cappadocia may do so, and bare-footed Knights of Bithynia,[1] whom New Gaul sends to us in shiploads. But henceforth none will be forced to drudgery degrading to the poet's calling, if he unites an eloquent diction with tuneful measures, and has chewed the bay. Lads, persevere! Your gracious sovereign has an eye for you all, and is spurring you on, and seeking out objects for his bounty. If you

think to look for patronage of your art from any one else, and with this hope are filling up, page after page, the yellow parchment,[2] then—lose no time, call for a bit of fuel, and make a present of your works, my Telesinus, to Venus' goodman, or else stow away your volumes, and let them be food for worms in their last resting-place.[3] Wretch! break your pen, and blot out the battles that have cost you your sleep, you who write soaring poems in a tiny closet, to earn some day an ivy wreath and a lantern-jawed bust. Beyond the Emperor you have no resource. Close-fisted millionaires of late have learned to admire and praise (but nothing more) the gifted ones, as boys do Juno's bird. But it is ebbing away, that time of life that has strength for the sea, the helmet, or the spade. Then weariness steals on the mind: then 'the old man eloquent'—and without a coat to his back—curses himself and the Muse who inspired him.

Now hear the rich man's shifts. Courting his favour, you abandon the shrine of the Muses and Apollo. In order to save a subscription, he turns poet himself, and yields the palm to Homer only, and that on the score of his thousand years. If, fired by fame's delights, you would recite, he lends a mildewed[4] building; this house that is placed at your service is out of the way,[5] and, with its iron bars, the door suggests the gates of a beleaguered town. He sees his way to offering you an audience of freedmen

to sit at the ends of the rows, and to distributing through the room his loud-voiced retainers. But none of your grandees will give the cost of the seats, of the tiers of benches with framework to prop them (this hired as well), and of the chairs (to be returned) that are arranged in the orchestra. Yet we work on, cutting our furrows in the shallow dust, turning up the sand with unproductive plough. For, though you may struggle to escape, the pernicious habit holds you fast in its toils, a victim of ambition ; for many a one is possessed by an incurable mania for scribbling, which goes on growing in the disordered mind. But the poet that stands out from the herd : of no trite vein : who is not always hammering at some well-worn theme, and minting hackneyed lays with the stamp of commonplace—such a one as I cannot anywhere point out, but can only conceive—is the product of a spirit free from anxiety, intolerant of any bitterness—a spirit that pines for the woods, and is worthy to drink of the Muses' rills. To sing within the Pierian grotto, to wield the wand of inspiration—these are denied to cheerless poverty, that lacks the pelf that the body needs by night and day. He has dined has Horace when he shouts his 'Evoe.' Your hearts admit not of divided interests—what room there for a poet's frenzy, unless the only restlessness they feel is that of inspiration, unless they career along in the train of the Lords of Cirra and

Nysa? It was the creation of a great mind (agitated, if you will—but not about the price of a blanket), that vision of chariots, and horses, and faces celestial, and of the Fury's form when dazing the Rutulian. Were Vergil left without a slave and a decent lodging, then every snake would tumble from his locks: his trumpet would be hushed, and sound forth no more impressive notes. Can we expect Rubrenus Lappa to rival the Tragedy of old, when his *Atreus* pawns both his crockery and his overcoat? Poor Numitor has nothing to send to a friend; he *has* enough for presents to Quintilla, ay, and there was plenty of money to buy a lion ready tamed, that must be fed with lumps of meat—no doubt the monster's keep costs less, and a poet's inside takes more to fill it. Lucan may loll among the marbles in his grounds, and be content with fame; but what will all the glory in the world do for Serranus and poor Saleius, if it is only glory? Crowds rush to hear the sweet-voiced reciter and the verses of the people's pet *Thebais*, when Statius has thrown the Town into ecstasies by fixing a day for a reading; so powerfully does he captivate and charm our hearts, so delightedly does the public listen! Yet, when his lines have brought down the house, he is still hungry, unless he sells his 'maiden' *Agave* to Paris, who scatters military commissions broadcast, and places on poets' fingers the six months' service ring. What nobles deny a harlequin will

give. Do you still hang about Barea, and the Camerini, and noblemen's great houses? Why, a *Pelopea* appoints the prefects, and a *Philomela* the tribunes. Yet you need not envy the bard who is fed by the stage. Who will be a Maecenas to you now, or a Proculeius, or a Fabius? Who will act Cotta's part again, or prove a second Lentulus? In their days talent had its due reward. Then many a one found it worth while to have no colour in his cheeks, and be a stranger to wine through all the December revels.

But to proceed—Historians, is your toil more productive? It demands[6] more time and more oil. Each of you doubtless has his pages rising by the hundred, knowing no limit, growing towards bankruptcy with the pile of papyrus. The vast amount of matter and the conditions of the work require it. But what is your harvest—what does opening up that field yield you? Who will pay a historian as much as he would pay a reporter?[7]

'A race of drones,' you exclaim, 'that love their sofa and seclusion!' Then say what public services and the ever-present big packet of documents bring in to our advocates. They talk big enough themselves about their fees, but most of all within hearing of their creditors, or when spurred by a yet sharper stimulus, a litigant who comes with a heavy ledger to prop a shaky claim. Oh, the unmeasured falsehoods those windbags then blow off, spitting upon

their breasts for luck! But would you know their real gains? In one scale set a hundred advocates estates, in the other just that of Lacerna the Red Jockey. '*The Potentates have ta'en their seat*'—You rise, a second Ajax, but with pallid face, to plead before Judge Bumpkin the cause of liberty imperilled. Strain, poor wretch, your vitals till they burst, and all for this—that, after all your toil, a fresh palm-branch may be fastened up, to glorify your little stairs! And what price does your shouting fetch? A rusty hind-quarter of pork, and a pot of under-sized tunnies, or some shrivelled onions (a nigger's rations), or wine brought *down* the Tiber—of that full five big jars. If you have held four briefs, and one gold piece has fallen to your lot, the attorneys' shares have to be lopped off even that according to the agreement. Aemilius will be paid all that the Law allows, and yet we poor lawyers pleaded better! And all because there stands within his porch a brazen car with a stately four-in-hand—and a figure of himself, too, seated on a fiery charger, poising threateningly his quivering lance, and taking a murderous aim, one bronze eye closed. By aping such Pedo is bankrupt and Matho fails. This, too, is the end of Tongilius, who goes to bathe with a huge rhinoceros-horn of oil, and crowds the Bath with his draggled retinue, and weighs down his Thracian lackeys with the immense pole of his

sedan, when making his progress through the Forum, to buy slave-boys, plate, agate cups, and country houses. His purple stuff, brought by sea from Tyre, secures him credit. But all this serves their purpose; the purple makes your pleader *sell* better; violet robes, too, have the same virtue. It pays these people to live with a bustle and display beyond their means. The extravagance of Rome sets no limit to expense. Trust to eloquence, indeed! No one nowadays would give two hundred sesterces to Cicero, unless a big ring glittered on his hand. This is the first thing to which the suitor looks, whether you have your eight slaves and your ten hangers-on: whether you have a sedan at your back, and citizen friends to walk in front. And so Paulus used to hire a sardonyx ring to wear when pleading, and so had higher fees for pleading than a Gallus or a Basilus. Eloquence seldom goes with a shabby coat. When has Basilus a chance of bringing into court a mother in tears? Who would tolerate eloquence in *him*? Make your home in Gaul, or, better still, in Africa, foster-mother of lawyers, if you *must* set a price upon your tongue.

Do you teach Rhetoric? O Vettius! how you must steel your breast, while that crowded class of yours is killing off the savage tyrants! Why, the whole of what they had just read from their seats they will stand up to rehearse word for word, yes,

word for word they will drone it out, and line for line. This is what kills the poor teachers—this everlasting cabbage. How to colour the case, what class it belongs to, the actual matter in dispute, the points that the other side may raise—these matters all would know; but pay the fee—not one! 'What! dunning for your fee! Why! what have I learnt?' 'Of course the teacher is in fault, because not a throb of genius pulses in the left side of that true son of Arcadia, who on one day in every six dins his *Hannibal the Terrible* in my poor head; whatever be the point that he debates—whether to march from Cannae on the city: or again, whether to be warned by the thunder-clouds and lightning, and lead his dripping cohorts into shelter from the storm. Bargain for as much as you like, and you can have payment on the spot,[8] to get his father to hear him as often as I do.' Half a dozen or more other professors cry out in chorus to like effect. The 'ravisher' is dropped: they plead a real suit now. No more about the 'poisoned draught,' nor the 'vile, ungrateful husband,' nor 'the drugs that cure the blindness of old age.' So, if my counsel will influence him, he will give himself a discharge from business, and enter on a different walk in life, if he must come down from the rhetorician's cloistered shades into the arena of the courts, or else lose his little pittance, the price of a paltry bread ticket; for that is his most liberal fee.

Find by trial on what terms Chrysogonus or Pollio teaches the sons of aristocrats, and you will tear up your Theodorus' *Elements of Rhetoric.* They will spend 600,000 sesterces on baths, still more upon a colonnade, where my lord may drive on rainy days—would you have him wait till it clears and splash his team with the fresh mud? No, better drive here where the mule can be kept clean and its hoofs bright. On the other side a dining-hall must rise, supported by stately shafts of Numidian marble, and it must catch the winter sun. However great the cost of the house, a scientific table-layer will be forthcoming too, and an expert in made-dishes likewise. Amid extravagance like this, two thousand sesterces at the utmost will be enough for Quintilian. Nothing will cost the father less than his own son. 'Then how does Quintilian own all those pasture lands?' Leave out the cases of exceptional good fortune. Your lucky man is both handsome and bold. Your lucky man is wise, and noble, and well bred, and sews the crescent on front of his dark senatorial shoe. Your lucky man, too, is best of orators and athletes—and sings well,—yes, even with a cold. It makes a vast difference what stars greet you, when just beginning your first cry, with the red hue of birth still upon you. If fortune will, from rhetorician you will be turned into Consul; again, if so she will, from Consul you will be turned into rhetorician.

For what was Ventidius? what was Tullius? Just what they were made by their star, and by the magic influence of mysterious Destiny. Destiny will give a throne to a slave, a triumph to a captive. But still your lucky man is rarer than a white raven. Many a one has grown sick of the empty, barren honours of the Preceptor's chair, as the end of Thrasymachus and Secundus Carrinas proves; and, Athens, in these days you saw a third in want, yet had the heart to give him nothing better than the chilling hemlock. Ye Gods! softly and lightly let the earth rest upon the ashes of the men of old; let the sweet breath of saffron and eternal springtide be around their tombs. They gave the teacher the sacred rank of a father. Achilles, though quite a big boy, was still in awe of the rod, when he was learning singing on his native hills—not likely, in those days, to be betrayed into laughing at his music-master's tail. But nowadays Rufus, like other teachers, is whipped by his own pupils—Rufus, whom they so often styled 'The Allobrogian Cicero.'

Who places in Celadus' and learned Palaemon's lap a due reward for their scholastic toils? Yet, little as it is (indeed, it is less than a rhetorician's fee), the pupil's stupid body-servant takes the first bite, and the steward will snip off a something for himself. Submit to it, Palaemon; let something be abated of your due, as if you were a-huckstering

winter blankets and white counterpanes; only let it not go for nothing that you have sat in school from the hour of midnight, when no carpenter nor one of those who teach wool-carding with the comb would sit at work; only let it not go for nothing that you have smelt all those lamps, as many lamps as there were boys in class, ruining all Flaccus' complexion, and blackening Maro with the adhering smuts. Yet, even so, few fees are paid without a suit before the tribune. But all the same make your merciless terms, ye parents; the teacher's syntax must be free from flaw; he must read every history, and know every author as well as his own nails and fingers; he must say offhand, if on his way to the Casino or to Phoebus' Bath he should happen to be asked the question, who was Anchises' nurse: the name and country of Anchemolus' stepmother: how many years Acestes lived: how many jars of Sicilian wine he gave the Phrygians. Insist upon his moulding with an artist's hand the children's plastic natures like one who fashions busts of wax. Insist upon his being a very father to the whole company, and guarding against all obscene play and against dirty practices. It is no light matter to keep a watch upon the hands and eyes of all those boys. 'This is your task,'[9] the father cries, 'and when the year has rolled its course, receive your golden reward—just what the mob demands for a winning jockey.'

VIII

Of what avail are pedigrees? What boots it, Ponticus, taking rank by length of descent, and having one's ancestors' portrait-masks to show off, with an Aemilianus erect in his chariot, a mutilated Curius, a Corvinus minus his shoulders, and a noseless, earless Galba? What do you gain by the display of a Corvinus in your big family roll, or by your affinity, through many a branch of your tree, later on, with smoke-begrimed Masters of the Horse (to say nothing of a Dictator), if you live a life of shame in the very face of the Lepidi? To what purpose all these statues of warriors, if you gamble the whole night through in presence of a Numantinus: if you begin your sleep at the rising of Lucifer—the time when generals used to shift their standards and their camp? Why should a Fabius, though born in the very home of Hercules, plume himself on an Allobrogicus and the Great Altar, if he be greedy and vain, and far and away feebler than a Euganean lamb: if he rub his soft loins with the pumice of Catina, and thus bring shame on his bearded grandsires, and, by buying poison, put his unhappy clan to the disgrace of breaking his bust? No, though time-honoured waxen likenesses adorn the length and breadth of your hall, still Virtue is the

sole and only nobility. Be a Paulus, a Cossus, or a Drusus in *character*. Rank that above the statues of your ancestors; let that take its place in line before the very consular rods, if Consul you be. The first thing you are bound to show me is a good heart. If by word and deed you deserve the character of a blameless man, one who cleaves to the right—good: I recognise the noble; I salute you, Gaetulicus be you, or Silanus, or of whatever other blood you come—rare windfall of a fine citizen to your exultant country! One would fain cry out what the people exclaim when Osiris is found. For who will call 'noble' one who shames his race, and challenges notice by the lustre of his name alone? Some one's dwarf we call *Atlas*, an Ethiopian *Swan*, a stunted and deformed girl *Europa*; lazy curs, hairless with old-standing mange, that lick the dried-up oil off the mouth of the lamps, will get the name of 'pard,' 'tiger,' 'lion,' or any other beast on earth of still fiercer temper. Take care, then; tremble, lest this be the sense in which you may be a Creticus or a Camerinus.

Whom have I thus admonished? I am speaking to you, Rubellius Blandus. You are as inflated with your lofty Drusine pedigree, as if your noble birth and conception by an illustrious dame of Julian blood, rather than by one who weaves for wages under shelter of the wind-swept Embankment, were the fruit of your own exertions. 'You are low-born,' you say,

'the dregs of our *canaille*, of whom not one could point to his parent's birthplace. But I am a son of Cecrops.' Long life to you, and long may you enjoy the happiness of such a descent! But, spite of your scorn, you will find an eloquent son of Rome even in the lowest ranks. Here is one who ofttimes takes up the cause of an unlettered aristocrat; from our gowned populace one will be forthcoming to solve knotty points of legal science, and the riddles of the statutes. There is another in his prime repairing to the Euphrates, or to where our Eagles watch the conquered Batavians, an unflagging campaigner; but you—you are a son of Cecrops, and that is all—as like as can be to a Hermes-bust. In fact, you have the advantage in no other respect than this—he has a head of marble: you are a live effigy. Offspring of Trojan heroes, tell me who accounts dumb animals well-bred, if they have no mettle? Why, we praise a racer's fleetness only when it wins easily,[1] amid the excitement of prize succeeding prize, and exultant cries of victory rising till the spectators are hoarse. He is a 'noble' steed, whatever grass he comes from, who takes rank above his fellows in—pace, and who raises the dust upon the course ahead of all; but the progeny of Coryphaeus and Hirpinus are 'stock for sale,' if Victory has rarely perched on their collar. *There* there is no regard for ancestors, no favouritism towards the shades of the departed. At a word the

horses change masters for a trifle, and haul cart-ropes till their necks are sore, if they are slow of pace, and fit for nothing better than turning a Nepos'[2] mill. Therefore, so that we may admire yourself and not your belongings, give me something of your own to carve 'neath your statue, beyond the honours which we have rendered, and render still, to those who made you all you are.

So much for the young man whom rumour describes as proud, puffed up, and full of his Neronian kinship; for consideration for others is for the most part rare in that state of life. But I should not like to have *you* valued for your kin's renown, Ponticus, if so be you do nought yourself to gain renown hereafter. It is a poor thing to rest on the fame of others; the roof might collapse and fall in, if the columns were to be removed, and lie like a vine prostrate on the earth and pining for the elm left all alone. Be a good soldier, a good guardian—yes, and an incorruptible judge. If ever you be summoned as witness in a difficult and doubtful case, even though a Phalaris charges you to be untruthful, and brings his bull up beside you, as he dictates the perjury, regard it as the height of infamy to value the breath of your body more than your honour, and for life's sake to sacrifice life's ends. One who merits death is dead,[3] though he dine upon a hundred oysters of Gaurus, and plunge in a whole cauldron of Cosmus' scents. When the

long-looked-for Province at last receives you as its Governor, bridle and check your temper and your greed. Pity our impoverished allies. You see only the bones of the native princes,[4] sucked dry of their marrow. Reflect what the laws enjoin: what the Senate House commands: what great rewards await integrity: how just a bolt smote down, under the Senate's sentence, Capito and Numitor who plundered the (pirate) Cilicians. But what does a 'sentence' give the province? Look out, Chaerippus, for an auctioneer to sell your rags, since Pansa robs you of all Natta's leavings, and at last learn silence. It is madness to throw your passage-money after all the rest. (There were no groans like this of old, nor was the sting of loss so sharp when our allies were prosperous,—but recently conquered. Then every house was well supplied, and the money stood in big heaps, with Spartan cloaks and purples from Cos; and side by side with Parrhasius' pictures and Myron's statues was the breathing ivory of Phidias; there was much handiwork, too, of Polyclitus everywhere, and few were the tables then without a Mentor. But now from one quarter a Dolabella, from another Antony, from another again the godless Verres began to carry home in their deep-laden vessels their smuggled spoils, and many a trophy won —but not from war. Now the tiny plot of land will be seized,[5] and our allies plundered of their few yoke

of oxen, the little herd of mares, and the very sire of the stud; and then actually of their Hearth-Gods, if there be an image worth a glance, if there be still a solitary deity left in his little shrine.[6] Such things, indeed, now represent the best prizes, for such are now the greatest to be had. Perchance you may, and with reason, too, scorn the unwarlike Rhodians, and Corinth with its unguents; what could those beresined youths and all the race of 'Smoothlegs' do to you? But beware of the shaggy Spaniards, of the land of the Gaul, of the Illyrian coast. Keep your hands, too, off those reapers who fill Rome's belly and leave it free for Stage and Circus. Besides, what prize will you gain from them great enough to be a set-off to such terrible guilt, seeing that Marius has so lately stript the poor Africans of their very girdles?[7] Above all, beware lest any flagrant wrong be done to those who are brave as well as destitute. You may rob them of all the gold and silver they possess, you will still leave them sword and buckler, javelin and helmet; though plundered, they still have arms. What I have just laid down is no mere commonplace—it is truth; regard me as reading you one of the Sibyl's leaves. If your staff of officers be blameless, if there be no young 'Longhair' selling your judgments, no scandal against your wife, if she be not a Harpy, bent on circling round the assizes and every town in the province, and swoop-

ing with crooked talons on the cash, then you may trace your line from Picus; and, if high-sounding names be your fancy, range all the Titan warriors, ay, and Prometheus himself, among your ancestors—and appropriate for yourself a great-grandfather from any book you like. If, however, ambition and lust sweep you along in their current, if you break rod after rod on the bleeding backs of the allies, if axes blunted and lictors wearied delight your heart, then the very rank of your sires begins to rise in judgment against you, and to hold a bright torch before your deeds of shame. (The higher the sinner's standing the more glaring the guilt of every vice of his heart.) What boots it that your grandsire reared the temples where you seal forged wills, or that full in view of you stands a triumphal figure of your father? What of all that, if you draw a Gaulish hood over your brows for a disguise, and go forth for a night of debauchery?

Past the ashes and the bones of his ancestors fat Lateranus whirls along in his light curricle, and with his own hand, his very own hand, our Muleteer-Consul[8] locks the wheel with the drag; by night, I admit: still the moon sees it, still the accusing stars are straining their eyes at him. When his term of office has expired, Lateranus will take whip in hand in the glare of daylight, and, if he meets a friend—even one of venerable years—will never quail before him;

nay, with his whip he will give the first salute, and will untie the hay-trusses and shake out barley for his tired team. Meantime, while, like a very Numa, he is sacrificing his fleecy victims and his russet[9] steer, even[10] before the high altar of Jove he swears only by the Goddess of Jockeys and the forms daubed by the reeking stalls. But when he takes it into his head to patronise once more the pothouses that turn night into day, the Syrophoenician reeking with the inevitable pomade—the Syrophoenician, whose home was once the gate of Idumaea—hurries to meet him. With a host's obsequious air he salutes him as 'My Lord and Master,' and Cyane comes bustling up with a jar of wine for sale. One will excuse his fault, and plead 'We, too, did all this in our youth.' No doubt; that is, you have now ceased doing it, and have not cherished your folly too long. Let your essay in vice be short. There are certain faults which should be cut off along with the first hairs on your chin. Indulgence is only for boys. Lateranus, who makes his way to the potations of the taproom with its painted awnings, is of an age for soldiering, for guarding the rivers of Armenia and Syria, or the Rhine and Danube. Vigour like his might assure Nero of his safety. Caesar, despatch your general to Ostia. Do, by all means, but you will have to seek that general in the great—pot-house. You will find him lounging with an assassin,

one of a medley of thieves, sailors, and runaways: surrounded by hangmen and coffin-makers, with a priest of Cybele, who is busy at his debauch while his timbrels rest. There you have Liberty and Equality: the cups are common property: no one has a separate couch: no one a table apart from the rest. What would you do, Ponticus, if you had chanced to get a slave like him? Surely you would send him to Lucania, or to the Tuscan houses of correction. But you, of the blue blood of Troy, make allowances for yourselves, and what would disgrace a *bourgeois* will grace Brutus or a Volesus.

But suppose none of the cases I cite are so foul and so shameful as not to leave worse remaining! Damasippus, when his fortune was spent, leased his voice to the stage to play the uproarious 'Ghost' of Catullus; ay, and nimble Lentulus acted the *Laureolus* to the life, and in my opinion merited a real cross for his pains. Still you cannot excuse the people either; more thick-skinned even than he is that people that sits and gazes at the arch-buffooneries of our Patricians, and listens to a bare-footed Fabius, and can bring itself to laugh at the Mamerci and their stage-buffets. What matter, then, at what price they sell their lives? They sell them at no Nero's bidding—hesitate not to sell them at the sports of the exalted Praetor. Yet suppose the sword set here, and there the stage—which were the

better? Has any one yet been scared by fear of death into taking the rôle of Thymele's jealous lord, or into playing to the clown Corinthus? But why marvel at a buffoon noble under a fiddling emperor? What lower depth than this save the gladiator's school? And you have there now the real scandal of Town, a Gracchus fighting, but not in the armour of the helmeted gladiator, and not with the shield, nor upturned falchion! No! he scouts any such disguises: scouts them, and hates them, and does not hide his face with a helmet. See how he swings his trident, and,[11] when he flings out his right arm and has made a false throw of his casting-net, then he raises his bared face to the spectators, as he flies right through the arena for all to see and know. We cannot mistake that tunic, for the gold-embroidered lasso reaches down from his neck, dangling from his wide shoulder-guard.[12] And so the 'Pursuer' has had to brook a disgrace worse than any wound; for he was—matched with Gracchus!

If the right of free voting were given to the people, who would be so abandoned as to hesitate to put a Seneca before a Nero—a Nero whose fit punishment required something more than one ape, and one serpent, and one sack? The crime of Agamemnon's son was similar, but the motives make the cases unlike. You see, Orestes at the prompting of the Gods avenged his father, who had been slain

when carousing; but he did not stain himself with the murder of Electra, nor with the blood of his Spartan spouse: he mixed no poison for his relatives, never sang on the stage, wrote no 'Epic of Troy'! For what deed of Nero's during his grim and cruel tyranny called more loudly for the vengeance of Verginius' sword, or of Galba and Vindex, than did this? These are the feats, these the accomplishments of our high-born sovereign, who prides himself on making little of himself by a degrading performance upon a foreign stage, and on winning the bit of parsley that makes a Greek crown. Let your family statues, Nero, receive the trophies of your warbling. Before the feet of Domitius lay down Thyestes' long train or the mask of Antigone or Menalippe, and hang your harp upon his gigantic marble effigy.

What can any one find more exalted, Catiline and Cethegus, than *your* pedigrees? Yet you plan your midnight rebellion, and the firing of houses and temples, as if you were sons of the Bracati, descendants of the Senones—daring deeds which would be fitly punished with 'the stinging shirt.' Ah, but the Consul is on the alert, and checks your onset. This 'upstart' of Arpinum—no noble—but yesterday a provincial knight at Rome, stations at every point his well-accoutred forces to protect the scared citizens; every hill in Rome is the scene of his activity. And so, within the City walls, the garb of

peace brought him as great a name and title as was won by Octavius at Leucas, with so sore an effort,[13] and on the Thessalian plain, after his sword, time after time, had dripped with blood. But Rome was *free*, when she styled Cicero her 'Parent,' *free*, when she called him 'Father of Fatherland.' There was another man of Arpinum that used in the Volscian highlands to look for wages for his labours over his master's plough. Later on, he began with the help of his skull to break the knotty vinesticks, at times when he was lazy, and his pick slack over work at the entrenchment. Yet this is he who copes with the Cimbri and the supreme crisis of the State, and single-handed protects Rome in her terror. So, when the ravens, which had never yet touched better-sized corpses, began to wing their way to the butchered Cimbrians, the aristocratic colleague is decorated with—the second-best laurel. Plebeian were the souls of the Decii, and plebeian their names; and yet the Nether Deities and Mother Earth thought them an equivalent for all our legions, and all our allies, and all the chivalry of Latium; for more precious were the Decii than all they saved. It was a waiting-woman's child that won the royal robe, and diadem, and fasces of Quirinus, and was the last of our good kings. It was the Consul's own sons that would have treacherously unbarred the gates to the banished tyrants—men of whom might have been

expected some gallant feat for imperilled liberty, such as to win praise from Cocles, and Mucius, and the maid who swam the Tiber, then the limit of our empire. It was a slave who earned the matrons' tears by divulging the traitors' secrets to the Fathers, while the guilty are visited with the just vengeance of the lash and of the axe, that then first armed the hand of Law.

I had rather your father were a Thersites, so that you were like the race of Aeacus, and fit to handle the arms of Vulcan, than that an Achilles should beget you, to be a second Thersites. And, after all, however far back you explore, however far you trace back your name, you draw your origin from that notorious Sanctuary. Whoever was the founder of your family, he was either a shepherd, or—what I would rather not say.

X

THROUGH all lands—from Gades to the country of the Dawn and its Ganges—but few are they who can clear themselves of the mists of error, and discriminate between real blessings and what are quite the reverse. For in what fear or wish of ours are we guided by

reason's rule? No matter how auspiciously you start with a plan, do you not live to regret your efforts and the attainment of your desire? Whole households have been overthrown ere now, at their own petition, by a *too* gracious Heaven. By the arts of peace and war alike we strive for what will only hurt us. The full flow of his own eloquence has borne death to many a one; confidence in his strength and superb muscles was the ruin of that man of old. Yet more are suffocated by the money that has been scraped together with inordinate care, and by an income by which all other fortunes are overshadowed as much as the dolphin by the British whale. And so in the reign of terror, at Nero's command, a whole cohort, after blockading Longinus and the spacious pleasure-grounds of Seneca the millionaire, besets the sumptuous mansion of a Lateranus; but how rarely does a soldier trouble a poor man's garret! Though you carry but a few small pieces of plain silver plate, yet, if you begin a journey after nightfall, you will have sword and pike to fear, and you will quake at the shadow[1] of a reed quivering in the moonlight, whereas your empty-handed traveller will sing in your footpad's face. The first prayer with most men, and the prayer with which all our temples are most familiar, is for riches—that our wealth may grow, and our money-chest be the largest in the whole Forum. But one does not drink aconite out of delf; the time

to dread it is when you take a jewelled cup in your hand, and when the Setine wine shows its fire in a broad gold beaker. By this time, then, you must approve of one of the sages laughing, and the rival Doctor weeping, every time they left their threshold and put one foot before the other? But, while anybody can play the censor with a dry laugh,[2] the marvel is whence the other's eyes got their water-supply. Democritus used to shake his lungs with endless laughter, though the cities of his land had no state robes, regal gowns, lictors, palanquins, Praetor's court. What, had he seen our Praetor towering in his stately car, borne high amid the dusty Circus in Jove's own tunic, and trailing from his shoulders his curtain-like, embroidered toga of Tyrian purple, and with his big crown—too heavy a hoop for any single neck to support? See how he sweats under it, that public slave who has to hold it up, and to ride in the same car, just to bate the pride of 'His Consulship.' Then do not omit the bird soaring from the ivory sceptre, the horn-blowers on that side, and on this, at the horses' reins, Rome's proud citizens in snow-white garb—a long guard of honour, marching in front—whose affections have been won by the dole buried deep down in the cash-box. Even in those days he found matter for laughter in every meeting with his kind. Such wisdom as his shows that men of the highest type, and likely to set a noble example, may

be born in the country of mutton-pates, and under a foggy atmosphere. He would laugh at the worries, as well as the enjoyments of the crowd, sometimes, too, at their tears, while, for himself, he bade Fortune and her frowns go hang, and showed her the finger of scorn.

Well, then, seeing that[3] the things we pray for are either useless or injurious, what things are there for which we are justified in waxing the Gods' knees?

Some are brought to ruin through their great power, subject[4] itself to envy just as great; they are wrecked by their long and brilliant roll of honours; down from the pedestals come their statues, and follow where the rope leads, and now the stroke of the axe shatters the very wheels of the triumphal cars, and the unoffending nags[5] have their legs broken. Hark! now the fires are hissing, now, by dint of bellows and forge, that head, the people's idol, is a-glow; and the great Sejanus is a-crackling! And soon from the face second to one only in the whole world they are making pipkins, and basins, and a pan—ay, and even meaner vessels! Ho! wreathe your houses with bays: ho! lead to the Capitol the great pipe-clayed[6] ox: Sejanus is drawn along by the hook, a sight for all. There is general rejoicing. 'What a sneering lip! What an expression! Believe me, I never liked the man. But through what charge did he fall? Who was the informer? By what

approvers, by what witness did he[7] make good his case?' 'Oh, nothing of the kind. A long, wordy despatch arrived from Capreae.' 'Oh, it is all right; I have nothing more to ask.' But what does the rabble of Remus? It waits on Fortune, as it always does, and is bitter against the condemned. The same populace, had Nortia smiled on her Tuscan—had the old Emperor been caught off his guard—at this very hour would be hailing Sejanus as 'Augustus.' Long ago, ever since we gave up selling our votes, it shuffled off its public interests; for, whereas it once conferred commands, commissions, legions, everything, now it curbs its ambition, and covets earnestly just these two things—its bread and its games. 'I hear that a good many are to die.' 'Not a doubt of it; the "little furnace" is big enough for all; my friend Brutidius met me at the altar of Mars, and he was rather pale. How I fear lest "Ajax" may demand satisfaction for his defeat—for the weak defence! Let us run at full speed, and, even while he yet lies on the bank, let us kick Caesar's enemy. But take care that our slaves see us, lest any deny it, and drag his master to the bar with a rope round his neck,[8] and all of a shiver.' This was the talk about Sejanus, these the smothered whispers of the crowd. Do you wish to have as many morning visitors as Sejanus: to own as much: to give the highest curule offices to one: to set another over the

Forces: to be looked on as the 'guardian' of the Emperor, who squats on the narrow rock of Capreae with his gang of astrologers? You would like, at least, to have the 'pikes and cohorts,' a staff of young nobles, and a bodyguard in your house. Why should you not? Even those who do not wish to take a man's life wish for the power to do it. Yet what glory or success is worth having, if the joy of it is counterbalanced by the evil? Say, would you rather don the state-robe of this wretch now being dragged along, or be a municipal magnate of Fidenae or Gabii, delivering judgments on weights and measures, or a tattered Aedile at lonely Ulubrae, breaking up pots that are below the standard? Well, then, you admit that Sejanus did not know what was really to be desired; for, while desiring an excess of honours, and hankering after an excess of wealth, he was only adding story to story of a lofty tower, to make his fall all the greater, and his overthrow, when hurled in ruin,[9] terrible to behold. What laid low a Crassus, and a Pompey, and that leader who broke the proud Romans' spirit and brought them under his lash? Why, it was just the unscrupulous struggling for the highest place, and the prayer of ambition, heard but too well by the malicious Gods. It is but seldom that a king does not take a murderous wound with him down to Ceres' son-in-law: seldom that a despot dies without blood-letting.

The boy who is still courting a not-exorbitant Minerva with a single copper, and is attended to school by a slave urchin in charge of the little book-box, begins already to pray for the eloquence and fame of Demosthenes or Cicero, and prays for it the whole March holiday through. But the curse of both orators was their own eloquence: it was the bountiful and exuberant flow of genius that consigned both to their death. Genius had hand and head lopt off; but the Rostra never yet ran with the life-blood of a feeble pleader.

'Ah! Rome, that fortunate child[10] of my consulate!'

He might have scorned Antony's swords, had all his utterances been like this. Let the ridiculous doggerel be mine, rather than the heaven-inspired Philippic, of fame pre-eminent—the second in the scroll. How cruel, too, the end that hurried from the world that orator, the wonder of Athens, that torrent of eloquence, who, all the while,[11] controlled, as with a bridle, the thronged theatre. He was born under the frown of Heaven and an adverse destiny, whom his father, himself half blinded by the fumes of the red-hot iron, sent away from the coals, and tongs, and sword-fashioning anvil, and sooty Fire-god to the Elocution-master.

The spoils of campaigns—a breastplate fastened to a stump of a trophy, a cheek-piece hanging from a broken helmet, a yoke docked of its pole, the flag-

staff of some prize trireme, an image of a dejected captive on the top of a triumphal arch—these are deemed to transcend all earthly boons: to such each and every Captain of old, Roman, Greek, barbarian, alike has aspired. In these he has found incentives to hazard and toil. So much keener is the thirst for fame than for virtue! Why, who embraces virtue for herself, apart from her rewards? And yet Fatherland is ofttimes ruined by a few men's love of glory, and desire for praise and for an epitaph, meant to linger on the slabs which are to guard their ashes, but which the malign vigour of the barren fig-tree is quite able to break up—for tombs also have their day of doom. Just weigh Hannibal. How many pounds' weight will you find in that greatest of leaders? This is the man for whom Africa is too small—Africa, lashed by the Moorish main, and stretching thence to the tepid Nile, and on another side again to the Ethiopian tribes with their towering elephants! He adds Spain to his empire: he bounds over the Pyrenees; Nature barred his path with her Alp and her snow: he rives the rocks and bursts the mountain with vinegar. Now he holds Italy, yet he still strains forward. 'Nothing,' cries he, 'is gained unless we storm the city gates with our Punic soldiery, and this hand plants my standard in the very heart of Subura.' Oh, what a sight! oh, what a subject for a caricature[12]—the one-eyed general bestriding the

Gaetulian monster! What, then, is his end? Fie, glory! Why, he in his turn is conquered, and flies headlong into exile; and there he sits, that august dependent, —a gazing-stock at a king's gates—until it may please His Majesty of Bithynia to awake. The soul which once turned the world upside down shall be quelled, not by a sword, not by a stone, no, nor by a javelin; but by that Nemesis of Cannae, the avenger of all that blood—just a ring. Off with you, madman! Scour the bleak Alps, that so you may—catch the fancy of schoolboys, and become a theme for recitation! A single world is not enough for the young warrior of Pella: he frets, poor soul! at the scanty limits of the world,[13] just as if confined within the rocks of Gyarus and tiny Seriphus. But when once he has entered the 'Bricklayer's Fortress,' one stone coffin will meet all his wants. Death alone reveals the insignificance of these poor bodies of ours. The world has long believed that Athos was sailed across, together with all the other lies that Grecian history hazards; we believe that the sea was 'paved' with that same fleet, making a solid carriage-road, and that deep rivers failed and streams were drunk dry when the Mede had his lunch, and all the rest that Sostratus drones out till his armpits reek with his efforts.[14] Still in what plight did *he* come home—that fugitive from Salamis, he who, like the barbarian that he was, would rage, lash in hand, at Nor'wester

and South-easter, though never did they have such treatment in the jail of Aeolus—he who had clapped chains on the very Earth-Shaker Himself? (Too kind of him, upon my word, not to think it a case for the branding-iron as well!) Would any deity be content to serve such a lord? But in what case did he return? Why, with one vessel, through blood-stained waves, and with a mass of corpses clogging his bows. Such was the penalty exacted by that oft-coveted glory!

'Grant me a long span of life, grant me many years, O Jupiter!' This you crave with the firm look of health, and this and nought else when pale [15] with sickness. But see with what endless and grievous troubles a protracted old age teems! Mark that hideous face, repulsive beyond anything—so unlike its proper self, with a hideous hide instead of skin: see the flabby cheeks and wrinkles, the picture of those which a mother-monkey scratches on her aged jowl under the shade of Thabraca's spreading woods. The young have many points of contrast: one is handsomer than another, and he than a third; another, again, is much sturdier than his neighbour: old men all look the same; limbs and tongue alike palsied; a scalp grown hairless; a nose snivelling like an infant's; toothless gums, with which the poor wretch must mumble his bread. He is now so loathsome to wife and child and self as to turn the stomach even of

Cossus the legacy-hunter! His relish for wine and food is no more the same, for the palate is now dull. As to sexual pleasures, those are long forgotten, or else, if an attempt be made at their renewal, physical energies prove unequal to the task. What has this gray decrepitude of lust to hope for? Do we not rightly view with suspicion the pruriency that has the will without the power to perform? Look now at the decay of another organ. What pleasure has he in the music of a harper, however eminent—say that of a Seleucus, and of the other 'stars' that glitter in their golden cloaks? What matters it to him in what part of the spacious theatre he sits, when he will scarcely hear clearly the horn-blowers and the blare of the trumpets? It needs a shout for his ear to catch the sound, should his servant announce a visitor or tell the hour of the day. Besides, the small remnant of blood in his frozen body needs a fever to warm it. Maladies in every guise hover round him in battalions. Should you ask their names, I will sooner tell the number of Oppia's gallants, or of the patients despatched in a single autumn by Dr. Themison, the partners cheated by Basilus, the wards by Hirrus—ay, I will run over more quickly the list of mansions now owned by him whose razor used to draw harsh music from my young beard. One is ailing in the shoulder, another in the loins, another in the hips; another, again, has lost both eyes, and envies those who have one left; this man's

bloodless lips receive their food from strange hands; he himself, who used instinctively to stretch his jaws at the sight of dinner, now feebly gapes for his food like a young swallow, to which the mother-bird, though fasting herself, flies with her beak full. But worse than any physical failure is the loss of mind—one's own slaves' names grown unfamiliar, and the face of the friend with whom one dined the night before, and even of those whom one has begotten and reared. For by a heartless will the old man disinherits his own kin; all his property is made over to Phiale in return for foul service rendered. But suppose his faculties be sound, yet still he must conduct his sons to their burial; must gaze at the pyre of his beloved wife, and of his brother, and on urns filled with what was once his sisters. This is the forfeit laid upon longevity, to pass to old age amid bereavement after bereavement, amid thick-coming griefs and one weary round of lamentation, with the garb of the mourner never laid aside. The King of Pylos—if you put any faith in grand old Homer—was a case of longevity surpassed only by the crow. Happy man! one would say, who deferred his death for so many generations, and is now telling the tale of his years on his right hand, and has tasted the new wine of so many vintages. Pray, hearken a moment how sorely he complains of the decrees of fate, and of the inordinate length of his life's thread, when he sees

his brave Antilochus' beard in the flame of the pyre, and asks of each and every comrade present why he should last all this while, what deed of shame he has committed to merit so tedious a life. The same plaint comes from Peleus, when he mourns the loss of his Achilles; and from that other, too, whom nature bids to mourn for his Ithacan 'afloat.' Priam, while Troy was yet unscathed, would have descended to Assaracus' shade with gorgeous rites, with Hector and the rest of the band of brothers bearing the corpse on their shoulders, and amid the tears of the Ilian women, with Cassandra to lead the dirge, and Polyxena, too, with her robe rent, if only he had lost his life at another time, ere Paris had begun to build his adventurous bark. So length of days gained him—what? The spectacle of general ruin and the destruction of Asia by sword and flame. Then the poor tottering soldier laid down his crown and took up arms, and was laid low before the altar of high Jove, like an aged ox that has long been discarded by the ungrateful ploughshare, and that has but a poor lean neck now to present to its owner's knife. However, he died at least the death of a man; whereas his queen, who survived him, became a glowering, yelping, snarling cur. I pass quickly to our own worthies, omitting the King of Pontus, and Croesus, who was charged by the eloquent tongue of Solon the Just to look to the last round in life's long course. That banishment, that jail, Minturnae's swamps, and

the bread of beggary in conquered Carthage, all had their origin in—a long life. What happier being in the world than that Roman could Nature, could Rome ever have produced, if, after leading round the train of captives amid all 'the circumstance of war,' he had breathed out his soul in glory, when just stepping down from his Teutonic car? Campania in her foresight had bestowed upon Pompeius her fevers—a boon worth praying for; but a host of cities with their public prayers were too strong for her, and so his own and Rome's fortune preserved him, to suffer defeat and lose his head. Lentulus escaped that horror; Cethegus was spared that penalty, and fell unmutilated; Catiline, too, lay with his carcase whole.

A mother, as she looks at Venus' shrine, prays eagerly in accents low for beauty for her boys, for her girls in louder tones, becoming even fastidious in her requests. 'Why take me to task?' she says, 'Latona finds pleasure in her Diana's beauty.' Yet Lucretia's end is a warning against craving a fair face like hers; Virginia would be glad to take Rutila's hump, and make a present of her charms to Rutila. A son, however, possessed of uncommon beauty always keeps his parents in misery and anxiety; so rare the union of chastity and beauty. Although a rugged household of the old Sabine school may have passed on the tradition of a pure morality; and although, yet further, bounteous Nature may with generous

hand bestow on him a chaste mind and a cheek flushing with the glow of modesty (for what more can Nature, that is more potent than any custodian and any vigilance, impart to him?), he is not suffered to become a man. The lavish and unscrupulous seducer is bold enough even to tamper with the parents. Such is the confidence felt in the power of bribes. But no despot in his cruel castle ever yet castrated a misshapen youth, nor did a Nero ever outrage a boy that had a club-foot or a wen, that was pot-bellied and humpbacked. Go now, and be vain, if you will, of the beauty of your boy; but greater dangers still await him. He will become Paramour-General, and will have to dread such vengeance as a jealous husband may inflict; nor is he likely to have more luck than Mars, so as never to get caught in the trap. Sometimes, indeed, a husband's resentment exacts more than any law has conceded to it. One gives the adulterer a fatal stab, another scourges him till he bleeds. Certain lechers also make acquaintance with the 'mullet.' *Your* Endymion, you think, will become the paramour of some matron whom he loves; yes, but, before long, when Servilia offers him money, of one, too, whom he hates, and he will strip her of all her finery; for what is there that any of them, whether she be an Oppia, or a yet more abandoned Catulla, will deny to her passions? Woman's whole nature is centred there. Still, if he be chaste, what harm in

his beauty? Nay, what did their virtuous resolve do for Hippolytus and Bellerophon? Why, Stheneboea flushed red, as if[16] slighted by this rebuff; and she, too, like the Cretan dame, blazed up, and both of them shook for very fury. Woman is then most pitiless, when shame spurs hatred.

Make up your mind, what counsel you think one ought to give the man whom Caesar's wife intends to wed? He, the best, though comeliest,[17] scion of a noble house, poor wretch, is hurried off to be destroyed by—Messalina's eyes. She has been sitting there a long time with her wedding veil ready; the marriage bed with the Tyrian coverlet is being set out publicly in the gardens; the dowry of a million will be given in the time-honoured form; augur and witnesses will be in attendance. You thought this a secret, Silius, and entrusted to but a few. Nay, she will be no bride, except in the orthodox style. Say what is your will. Refuse to assent, and you die before lamp-lighting; commit the crime, and you will get a trifling respite until this news, which is the gossip of the Town and the mob, reach the monarch's ears. He will be the last to learn the dishonour of his house. Meanwhile, do you obey your orders, if the few days' life is worth the price. Whichever you deem the easier and the better course, in any case this comely white neck will have to be submitted to the sword.

Shall men then pray for nothing? If you will take my advice, you will allow the Gods themselves to determine what is meet for us, and suited to our lot; for the Gods will give us—not what is pleasant, but what is most befitting in each case. Man is dearer to them than to himself. Urged on by impulse, by blind and violent desires, we pray for a wife, and for offspring; but only they know what the children will be, and of what character the wife. Still, if you must make your petition and must vow a meat-offering at the shrine—holy sausages made from a little white porker[18]—then pray for a healthy mind in a healthy body; pray for a brave spirit free from the fear of death—a spirit that regards life's close as one of Nature's boons,[19] that can endure any toil, that is innocent of anger and free from desire, and that looks on the sufferings of Hercules and his cruel labours as more blessed than all the wantoning, and revelling, and down-couches of a Sardanapallus. I am prescribing what you could administer to yourself; it is certain that the only path to a life of peace lies through virtue. Fortune, thou hast no divinity where wisdom exists; it is we, it is we who deify thee, and enshrine thee in Heaven.

XI

ATTICUS, if he dine sumptuously, is considered stylish, Rutilus crazy. Indeed, what is greeted with louder laughter from the mob than a penniless epicure? At every social gathering, public bath, lounge, and theatre the talk is of Rutilus. For, while his sturdy young frame is equal to the helmet, and is fired with warm blood, the story goes that—not, indeed, forced by the Tribune, but also not prevented—he is about to copy out the agreement and despotic orders of the Trainer. Further, there are many others that you see, whom the creditor, so often baffled, is constantly looking for just at the market's entrance; these have no motive for living but their palate! He has a finer and better dinner than the rest who is most 'in distress' of them all, and who must soon come down: indeed the light is already showing through the crack in the wall. But, meanwhile, they are ransacking every element for relishes. Price is never a bar to their gratification. Watch more closely, and you see that the greater the cost the greater the enjoyment. And so they feel no scruple in raising a sum to squander, though they must pawn their dishes or break up a mother's bust; no scruple in heaping dainties worth four hundred sesterces

upon the 'gluttonous earthenware.' It is thus they come to the messes of the gladiatorial school. And so it makes all the difference who it is that procures these same things. In Rutilus, it is dissipation; in Ventidius, it assumes a creditable name, and derives a fair repute from his income. I shall be right in despising one who knows how much higher Atlas is than all the other mountains in Libya, if he—that very same man—has yet to learn the difference between a small purse and an iron-bound money-chest. From Heaven came down that 'Know Thyself': words to be implanted and cherished faithfully in your heart, whether you seek a wife, or fain would be a member of the august[1] Senate—for even Thersites does not ask for the breastplate of Achilles, in which Ulysses made but a poor show. Or, if you aspire to defend a risky cause having momentous issues, then, in that case, question yourself, inform yourself who you are—an impassioned orator, or like those wind-bags Curtius and Matho. You must know the measure of Self, and keep it in view in matters great and small, yes, even when you have only to buy some fish—that you may not hanker for a mullet with but the price of a gudgeon in your purse. Why, what end awaits you if your larder is shrinking as your appetite grows; if patrimony and substance have been engulfed in a maw, that can find room alike for interest, silver plate, cattle, and lands?

In such a case, when everything else is gone, last of all the knight's ring passes away from him, and then Pollio turns to begging with his finger bare. It is not the untimely urn nor the too-early grave that is formidable to self-indulgence (old age has more terrors for it than death). The steps are mostly these. The money borrowed at interest is frittered away at Rome under the owner's eyes, and then, when some poor trifle only is left, and the usurer looks anxious, they give leg-bail, and hurry off to Baiae and its oysters. For disappearing from 'Change is nowadays no more discreditable than shifting one's quarters from bustling Subura to Esquiliae. *One* pang, *one* grief afflicts the exiles—to have lost for one whole year the circus shows! There is not a drop of blood left in their cheeks to blush with. Few try to stop the flight from Town of that ridiculous creature Modesty.

To-day, Persicus, you shall see whether, instead of making good these ideas—so very fine to talk about—in my life, in my principles and my practice, I am really a glutton in secret, though commending a diet of pulse, and call to my servant in others' hearing 'porridge,' while I whisper in his ear 'cakes.' For, as you are my promised guest, you shall find an Evander in me; you shall come in the character of the hero of Tiryns, or of the guest inferior indeed to him, and yet himself linked with Heaven by kinship—the one ushered into the skies by water,

the other by fire. Hear now your bill of fare, which no market furnished forth. There will come to table from my estate at Tibur the fattest of my sucking kids, the tenderest of all the flock; it is innocent of grass, and has not yet summoned up courage to crop the drooping willow's shoots; it has in its body more milk than blood. Next—mountain asparagus, culled by my bailiff's goodwife to the neglect of her spinning. Besides these, huge eggs, warm in their hay-wisps, together with the hens that laid them, are here, and grapes, preserved through great part of the year, fresh as when on the vines; pears, too, of Signia and of Syria: and from the self-same basket come apples that can match those of Picenum, smelling quite fresh; but you need not dread them now that they have got rid of their autumn harshness and of the dangers of unripe juice, thanks to the drying cold. Such was once the dinner of our Senators, when already growing less simple. Curius used with his own hands to set upon his modest fire the plain vegetables he had gathered in his tiny garden—a mess at which nowadays the dirty wretch who digs in heavy chains turns up his nose, remembering the flavour of a sow's paunch in the steaming cookshop. It was in old times the usual thing to keep for holidays the flitch of smoked pork that hung from the rack with its few pegs, and to set fat bacon before one's kith and kin at birthday

feasts, a fresh joint being added if a sacrifice gave the chance. To such a meal as this some kinsman, thrice dubbed 'Consul,' who had held command of the Forces and the rank of Dictator, would trudge back earlier than usual, shouldering the mattock fresh from its conquest of the hillside. Moreover, in the days when men quailed before a Fabius and the iron Cato, before a Scaurus and a Fabricius, when, in short, even his own colleague had to fear the censor's stern character, no one considered it worth reckoning among life's serious concerns what kind of turtle swam in ocean's wave to make for 'Sons of the Trojans' a fine and noble—sofa-leg; no, the short couch, with sides quite plain, displayed upon its brass front a wreathed ass's head, rudely worked, near which the sportive young rustics used to romp.[2] And so the diet was in keeping with house and furniture. In those days the rough soldier, unable to appreciate Greek art, when cities were razed, would break up the goblets that had been wrought by the great masters, if found in his share of loot, that his charger might have trappings to be vain of, and that his own embossed helmet might show the dying enemy the image of Romulus' wild beast, tamed at the bidding of our empire's destiny, with the twin Quirini under the rock, and the nude figure of the god descending with shield and spear and bending over them.[3] And so they

used to serve up their porridge in Tuscan delf. What silver there was all glittered on their armour. All then, indeed, was such as you might grudge them, if you had the least touch of envy. Then, too, the divine presence in the shrines was closer to us. In those days was a voice once heard near midnight through the heart of Rome, when the Gauls were on their way from the confines of the ocean, and the Gods were doing duty for the seers. Such was the warning that Jupiter gave us :[4] such was the care that he bestowed upon the affairs of Latium, while yet in his clay stage, before gold had spoilt him. Those days saw tables of home make and of our native timber, the wood being stacked for such purposes if the east wind had chanced to blow down an old walnut tree. But nowadays the rich find no pleasure in dinner, no flavour in turbot or venison, and think the perfumes and the roses tainted, unless the expanse of table rests on a mass of ivory, a wide-yawning rampant leopard, formed of the tusks which have been sent us by the Pass of Syene, or by the nimble blacka-moors, or the still blacker Indians, or which the monster has shed in some Nabataean forest, when they have grown too large and become a nuisance to his head. This is what raises the appetite and the tone of the digestion. For in these men's eyes a silver leg to a table is as an iron ring on the finger. And so I am on my guard against a stuck-up guest,

who would make comparisons between himself and me, and who scorns my scanty means.[5] So wholly innocent am I of even one ounce of ivory: I have not even dice nor draughtmen of that substance: my very knife-handles are only bone. Yet none of my viands get tainted because of that, nor does the fowl cut up any the worse. But neither will there be a professional to whom every school of carving should give way; no pupil, I say, of Professor Trypherus, in whose class the huge sow's breast, the hare, the boar, the antelope, the fowl of Scythia, the tall flamingo, and Gaetulia's wild goat—a most choice dinner, albeit of elm-wood—are carved with blunted knives, making their clatter heard all through Subura. My waiter has never learnt to purloin a slice of chamois, nor the wing of a guinea-fowl—a mere tyro he, whose whole life has been as yet in the novice stage, and who is proficient only in filching tiny scraps. A boy, clad simply, yet so as to defy the cold, will hand you homely cups that a few coppers bought. No Phrygian nor Lycian will be there: no slave got from a dealer, and at a high price, too. When you ask for wine,[6] ask in Latin. All have the same garb; with straight hair, short cut, and combed to-day only because of 'company.' This is a hardy shepherd's son, a cow-herd's that. This boy of the 'gentle' looks and the 'gentle' modest bearing—just what those

who wear the flaring purple should be—sighs for his mother, whom he has not seen for so long, and pines, poor fellow, for the little cottage and his friends the kids. He has had no training in lewdness, is not effeminate, nor troubled by false shame. He will hand you wine that was bottled on the hills from which he comes himself, and beneath whose crest he has played; for he is a fellow-countryman of the wine that he hands round. You will look in vain for immodest dancing girls, such as married ladies gaze at with their husbands beside them, though a man would blush even to name such things in their presence. (All the same, women care for such sights more than we.) But this sort of thing is not for people like ourselves. The rattle of the castanets, and songs too foul even for a harlot's lips, and all the arts of lust may be left to those who have marble floors to spit their wine on after tasting. In their case we make allowance for wealth; but the dice-box disgraces, and adultery too disgraces, the man of moderate means. When your rich men practise all these same vices they get the name of 'merry blades,' 'gay sparks.' Our feast to-day will offer another kind of treat. The poet of the 'Tale of Troy' shall be rehearsed,[7] and the verses of deep-toned Maro that dispute the palm with his rival's song. What matters it with what voice such lines as theirs are read?

But *now* a truce to your anxieties; banish busi-

ness, and treat yourself to a welcome rest, for you may[8] idle the whole day long. Not[9] a word about usury; do not gather spleen in secret against your wife, though she often goes out at early morn and comes home late with suspicious signs about her. Hey, presto! divest yourself of all your troubles before my door. Leave there your housekeeping, and your slaves, and all their breakages and waste. Above all, leave there the ingratitude of friends. Meanwhile, the gazing crowd pays worship to the Idaean rites of the Mighty Mother's 'dish-clout.' As in a triumph, there sits the Praetor, the victim of horse-flesh; and, if I may say so by leave of the countless, overgrown populace, the Circus holds all Rome to-day; and a din strikes on my ear, from which I gather the success of the green 'rag.' For, were it to fail, you'd see this Rome of ours sullen and dazed, as when her consuls were routed on Cannae's dusty field. Let the young men sit there and gaze at it. It suits their years to bawl, and make bold wagers, and sit beside a smart young woman. Let our wrinkled skin bask in the spring sunshine, and be relieved of the formal gown. Now you may go at once to the public baths, and need not blush, though a whole hour be wanting yet to noon. But you could not do this for five days consecutively,[10] for *ennui* is potent even in a life like this. (A sparing indulgence sweetens enjoyment.)

XII

SWEETER to me, Corvinus, than my birthday is this morning's dawn, when the festal altar of turf is waiting for the beasts pledged to the Gods. It is a snowy ewe-lamb that we lead to sacrifice to 'The Queen'; and every whit as good a fleece shall be bestowed on Her whose weapon is the Mauritanian Gorgon. But the victim reserved for Tarpeian Jove has pulled out the whole length of his rope, and is jerking it impatiently, and tossing his brow. A high-spirited young steer, in truth: ripe for temple and altar and for his baptism of wine: e'en now he feels ashamed of tugging his dam's udder, and begins to gore the oak trees with his budding horn. If I had large means of my own and equal to my regard, a bull fatter than Hispulla, and lazy from sheer bulk, should be led to his death—not one of your home-bred kine; no, one with blood proclaiming the rich pastures of Clitumnus, and with a neck that would task a tall slaughterer to deal it the death-blow, should go to the altar in honour of the return of my friend, who is still quaking at the dreadful sufferings he has gone through so lately, and marvelling to find himself alive. For he

escaped not only the dangers of the sea but thunderbolts as well. Dense darkness hid the firmament in one unbroken cloud, when a sudden flash smote the yardarms. Every one fancied that blow had fallen on himself, and, for the moment, in his scare, felt that no kind of wreck could be compared with a fire at sea.[1] Just like this, just as grievous, are all the incidents, when a storm gets up in a poem. Look! Listen! A new kind of danger. More pity wanted! even though the rest is but a part of the same mishap,[2] which, however dreadful, has been experienced by not a few, as many a shrine testifies with its little votive pictures. Who does not know that painters are fed by Isis? A like misfortune befell friend Catullus. As[3] the hold was now half full of waves, the seas tossing up first one side and then the other, and when all the hoary skipper's cunning failed to ease the crazy craft,[4] our friend proceeded to compromise the matter with the wind at a sacrifice—copying the beaver that emasculates himself in his eagerness to escape even minus his pouch, so well does he understand the virtues of his groin. 'Over with my property! With all of it!' Catullus kept crying, ready to pitch away his best finery, his purple raiment fit for even a dandy of the Maecenas type, and other stuffs, too, dyed even on the backs of the sheep by the properties of the rich pasture—not but what the fine water by

its mysterious virtues, and the climate of Baetica, too, help somewhat. Nor was he the man to hesitate to despatch his silver plate, his salvers, Parthenius' handiwork, and his three-gallon bowl, fit for a Pholus with a thirst on him or for Fuscus' wife. Throw in the baskets as well, hundreds of dinner plates, and a quantity of embossed cups from which the wily purchaser of Olynthus had drunk. But what other man in the present day—what man, I say, is there, and in what region of the Universe, with the hardihood to hold his life more precious than his plate, his safety than his substance? (Certain people do not make a fortune in order to live, but in the blindness of their avarice they live in order to make a fortune.) The chief part of his 'necessaries' is flung away; yet even these sacrifices do not give relief. Then by stress of difficulty he was reduced to this, to put his mast under treatment by the axe. So he frees himself from his straits! A desperate pass indeed, when the very succour we bring will make the ship smaller! Go to, now; commend your life to the winds, and put your faith in a rough-hewn board with four finger-breadths (seven, if the plank be extra thick) between yourself and death. And, together with your bag of bread and your corpulent flagon, look betimes to your hatchet—for use in storms! But as soon as the sea sank and was smooth, and as soon as the voyager's good luck and destiny

getting the better of wind and wave smiled upon him, and as soon as the Fates cheered up, and took to spinning white thread with a kindlier hand, and drew a better sort of work off their distaffs, and a breeze scarcely stronger than a 'light air' comes to the rescue, then onward sped the poor bow with its own sail (the sole survivor), and the sorry makeshift of a spread of clothes. And now, as the storm-winds die away, hope of life returns with the sunlight. Then they descry the towering height that Iulus loved, and preferred for a home to his step-mother's Lavinium—the height to which the white sow with the paunch that astonished and delighted the Phrygians gave its name. Was there ever such a sight as that famous creature with her thirty paps? At last he passes within those structures carried through the water and enclosing it, with the Pharos of Tuscany and the arms which run out to meet mid-ocean, and leave Italy far behind, and then bend back again.[5] (You will not then wonder so much at the harbours that Nature has given.) However,[6] as his bark is crippled, the master makes for the calm waters of the sheltered inner basin, which a pinnace of Baiae could navigate, and there the crew, assured of safety, shave their crowns, and take delight in telling the wordy tale of their adventures.

Go, then, slaves: with reverent tongues and hearts put wreaths upon the shrines and meal upon the

knives, and decorate the altars of soft green turf. Anon I will follow, and, after due performance of the chief rite, will come back to my home, where my tiny images with their sleek coat of crumbling wax welcome their slender wreaths. There I will win the favour of our domestic Jove, and will offer incense to my ancestral Lares and scatter violets of every hue. All looks gay; the front door has mounted its trailing boughs, and in its gala dress joins in the rites with morning lamps.

Do not regard this with suspicion, Corvinus. Catullus, in honour of whose return I rear all those high altars, possesses three little heirs. I am curious to know who would lay out on so unpromising a friend even an invalided hen that was just closing her eyes on life. Tut! too extravagant an outlay that! not a quail will ever be laid low for the sake of one who is a father. If Gallitta, the millionaire, and Pacius—who are childless—have begun to be feverish, their vestibules forthwith are lined all over with votive tablets, fixed up in orthodox style, and people start up to vow a hecatomb: not, it is true, of elephants, but only because there are none for sale in Italy, and because monsters of that kind do not breed in Latium, nor anywhere beneath our skies. No, they were brought from the land of the blacks, though now they browse on the Rutulians' trees and the dominion of Turnus, and they are Caesar's own

stud, and by no means disposed to submit to anybody less than an Emperor; for their progenitors were in the service of Hannibal the Tyrian, and of our national heroes, and the Molossian King, and used to bear on their backs whole cohorts—no small part of the host—very towers stalking into battle. So it is not the fault of Novius or Pacuvius Hister that yon 'Ivory' is not led to the altars to fall before Gallitta's Lares, as the only victim worthy of such great household Gods and of those who court them. Nay, one of the pair, if you permit the offering, will vow the best grown and goodliest 'bits of flesh' in his gang of slaves, or will put the sacrificial band upon his pages and on the brows of his handmaidens, and, should he have in his house an Iphigenia ripe for wedlock, he will offer her to the altar, although he dare not hope for a sly substitution of the hind of Tragedy. Bravo, fellow-countryman! What are a thousand vessels to a legacy? For, if the sick man elude the Funeral-Queen, he is imprisoned like a fish in a lobster-pot, and will unmake his will after that really marvellous service, and perhaps will curtly bequeath everything exclusively to Pacuvius, who will then strut along triumphantly, to the discomfiture of his rivals. And so you see what a fine reward for his pains he gets by cutting the fair Mycenian's throat. Heaven grant long life to Pacuvius: yea, a whole Nestor's span! and may he own

as much as Nero stole, and pile up his gold mountains high, and love no one, and be loved by no one.

XIII

EVERY act that forms an evil precedent is rued by the doer. With this his punishment begins—no criminal is acquitted at the bar of his own conscience, though the Praetor's urn may have been tampered with, and corrupt influence have gained a verdict. But what do you suppose, Calvinus, the world thinks of that late guilty act, that crime of breach of trust? However,[1] the property that fell to you is not small enough for the weight of a moderate loss to crush you, and yours is an everyday trouble. Such a calamity is familiar to many; it is quite an ordinary one, and drawn at random from fortune's heap. Let us give over immoderate grief. A man's indignation should not blaze too high, should not be disproportioned to the blow. Do you find it so hard to bear the very tiniest scrap of trouble, however light; and does your heart boil with passion because your friend appropriates what was solemnly given on trust? And this surprises one who has already left behind him sixty years of life, and was born in Fonteius' consulship! Has so much experience of the world no

better result? Noble, no doubt, are the maxims that Philosophy, mistress of Fortune, lays down in her sacred writings. (Still we think those fortunate, too, whom life has schooled to bear life's vexations, nor fret beneath the yoke. What day is so complete a holiday as to slacken in supplying theft, treachery, and fraud—the quest of gain by every form of villainy, the winning wealth by dagger or poison-box?) The good indeed are few, hardly as many as the gates of Thebes or the mouths of the teeming Nile. We live in the ninth century, an era worse than the Age of Iron.) To match its badness nature can find from her own stores no name, no metal base enough to represent it. / We make appeal to all that's honest in heaven and earth as noisily as his dole-paid claqueurs applaud Faesidius' pleading. But say, my venerable friend, whom childhood's badge suits so well, do you not know the charms of your neighbour's money? Do you not know what merriment your simple wit awakens in the public, when you press any one to keep from perjury, and to believe in a celestial presence at any shrine or blood-stained altar whatever? Such were the principles of the old sons of the soil, ere Saturn fled, and, laying by his crown, took to a peasant's sickle, in days when Juno was a little wench, and Jupiter still lived in a private station among the caves of Ida. No merry-making then above the clouds among the denizens of Heaven,

no Trojan page and Hercules' lovely wife for cup-bearers, nor Vulcan to strain the nectar, *before* he wiped off his hands the soot from his workshop at Lipara. Each God then dined alone. Then there was no such mob of deities as now. The stars, satisfied with a mere handful of divinities, pressed lightlier on poor Atlas. No one as yet had won by lot Hell's gloomy realm. There was no grim Pluto with his Sicilian bride, no Ixion's wheel, no Furies, no stone of Sisyphus, no fell vulture's vengeance; Hell was without a king, and the Ghosts had a jolly time. Unscrupulousness was a thing to wonder at in those days—days when they thought it a heinous sin that death alone could purge, if a young man had failed to rise before his senior, or a boy before a bearded youth, no matter whom, albeit the former had more strawberries at home to look at, and bigger heaps of acorns. So great the dignity of four years' seniority; so much alike in honour were venerable age and the incipient beard. But now, if a friend does not disavow a deposit, if he restore the old bag with all its rust, oh what portentous honesty! it is fit for a place in the Etruscan books, and should be charmed away with a wreath-crowned lamb. If I descry a man of honesty and honour, I liken the anomaly to a hybrid boy, or fishes found under a plough (to its great surprise), or a mule in foal. I feel as much disquieted as though it had rained stones,

and a swarm of bees had lit in a trailing cluster on the roof of a temple, or as though a river had flowed to sea, rolling a portentous flood of eddying[2] milk.

Do you complain that your ten thousand sesterces have been embezzled by perjury and fraud? What, if your neighbour has lost two hundred thousand in the same way, but unattested; a third a still larger sum, which a big coffer with every corner crammed could barely hold? So easy and obvious a thing it is to ignore the witness of the Gods, if no mortal know the fact. Mark his loud denial, his confident, though feigned, look. He swears by the Sun's beams and the Tarpeian bolts, by the pike of Mars and the shafts of Cirra's Prophet God, by the arrows and quiver of the Huntress Maid, by thy trident, Neptune, Father of the Aegean: he throws in, too, the bow of Hercules, Minerva's javelin—yea, all the weapons in Heaven's armouries. But if he be a father too, he says, 'If not, may my son be boiled, and may I have to eat his poor head, soused in Egyptian vinegar!'

Some there are who assign everything to the caprice of Fortune, and believe that no ruler controls the Universe, and that it is Nature that regulates the revolutions of days and years; and so they have no misgiving in touching any altar you please. Another fears that punishment attends on crime. He believes in Gods, yet, while perjuring himself, thus reasons in his heart: 'Let Isis pass what sentence she please

upon my body, and smite my eyes with the rattle of her wrath, if only, when I lose my sight, I clutch the gold, the receipt of which I disavow. Consumption, festering sores, and mutilated leg are a fair price to pay for that. Even a Ladas, if penniless, should not hesitate (unless, indeed, he needs Anticyra's drug or the services of Archigenes) to pray for the gout of the wealthy. For what avail the fame of fleetness, what the branches of Olympian olive—with starvation? Though the Gods' wrath be heavy, yet certainly it is slow. If, then, they are careful to punish every culprit, when will they reach me? But haply, too, I shall find the Deity indulgent. He often pardons faults like this. Many commit like crimes with varying results. One man's rascality earns the gibbet, another's wins the crown.' And so he steels his heart if it flutter with the horror of a dreadful crime, and if you challenge him to come to a holy shrine, he leads the way: nay, more, is eager to convey you there, and press you to the test; for when a bad cause finds support in great effrontery, it is thought by many conscious innocence. Yet all the while he is playing a farce like witty Catullus' runaway slave. Poor man, you bawl loud enough to drown the voice of Stentor, nay, even as loudly as Homer's Mars, 'O Jupiter, dost hear all that, and yet not ope thy lips, when, even though only marble or brass, thou shouldst have broken silence? Else, why do we empty in thy

censer our paper bag of holy incense, and offer minced calf's liver and pig's white chitterlings? As far as I can see, there is nought to choose between the images of you Gods and the statue of a Vagellius.'

Hear, on the other hand, what comfort can be offered even by one unread alike in Cynic lore and the maxims of the Stoics (differentiated from Cynicism by wearing a shirt), by one who does not look up to Epicurus, so happy in the shrubberies of his tiny garden. Let desperate cases be treated by great physicians; but *you* may trust your vein even to a pupil of Philippus. If you can point to no crime so detestable throughout the world, I have no more to say. I do not forbid you to thump your breast with clenched fist, nor to beat your brow with open palm. Of course we must shut up our house when suffering from a loss, and loss of money is sorrowed for with more domestic wailing and more ado than loss by death. For under this calamity none counterfeit distress: no one contents himself with slitting the edge of his tunic and torturing his eyes to force a tear. The loss of money is bewailed with genuine tears. But, if you see at every judgment-seat the like complaints abounding: if, after their own bills have been read out ten times over on the opposite side, they say the bond is forged, and the tablets worthless—convicted, as they are, by their own writing and their signet, the queen of sardonyxes, treasured

up in an ivory casket—think you, my fine gentleman, to be exempted from the common lot because you are a white hen's cockerel, and we but sorry chickens, hatched of unlucky eggs? Your suffering is but slight, and one you could endure with moderate chagrin, if you but glanced at more serious crimes. Compare the hiring an assassin, or a stealthy attempt with the aid of sulphur at incendiarism—lighting the fire, too, at the street-door. Compare, too, the case of those who carry off some ancient temple's massive chalices with their venerable rust, a nation's gifts, or crowns that a monarch of old dedicated. But if there be none such, a meaner temple-burglar starts up to scrape a gilded Hercules' thigh and Neptune's face itself, and strip from Castor his gold leaf. Need he hesitate, when it is no uncommon thing for him to melt a Thunderer down entire?[3] Compare, besides, the poison-makers and the poison-mongers; and that other who has to be sent to sea in a cow's hide with an innocent ape, that has the misfortune to be confined along with him. Yet what a fraction this of the crimes that Gallicus, the City Prefect, hears of from rise of Lucifer to set of Sun! If you would know the dispositions of mankind, that single building is enough. Spend a few days therein, and when you leave it call yourself a subject for pity—if you dare. In the Alps, who wonders at goître? or in Meroe, at the mother's breast bigger than her chubby baby? Who was ever

astounded at a German with blue eyes, and at his yellow hair, with his greasy curls twisted in tufts? Simply because they are all of a common type. To meet the screaming cloud of swooping Thracian birds the Pigmy warrior rushes in his dwarfish armour. Next moment, succumbing to his foe, he is borne through the air, and swept away by a savage crane with its crooked talons. If you saw this among ourselves, you would be convulsed with laughter; but there, though like encounters are continually[4] witnessed, none laugh, because the whole army there does not exceed a foot in height.

Shall there, then, be no punishment for the perjured creature—for his horrible treachery? Suppose him dragged off forthwith with a heavy chain upon him, and executed to our order (what more could vengeance wish?); yet still that loss remains, nor will you ever get the trust-money back; while the consolation of some drops of blood from his headless corpse will bring hatred with it. 'Ay, but revenge is a boon sweeter than life itself.' Why, that is what the ignorant say, whose passions you may see blaze up on trifling provocation (at times with none at all); indeed, however insignificant the occasion, it is sufficient to enrage them. Chrysippus will not agree with you, nor gentle-tempered Thales, nor the old sage who lived hard by Hymettus, that hill of sweets, and who in his cruel bondage would have been loth to share

with his accuser his own dose of hemlock. For blest Philosophy divests us by degrees of almost every natural taint and every wrong belief. She gives us our first lesson in what is right. In fact, vindictiveness is ever the delight of stunted, weak, mean spirits, as you may immediately infer from this, that no one feels more pleasure than a woman in revenge. But why suppose they have escaped, whom the guilty memory of their dreadful crime keeps in a state of terror, and smites with noiseless whip—with the invisible scourge that a torturing conscience wields? No, theirs is a sharp punishment, a much more pitiless one than any of those invented by stern Caedicius and Rhadamanthus—to bear their accuser in their breast[5] night and day. The Pythian Prophetess, in answer to a certain Spartan, said he should some day be punished, because he had harboured the thought of embezzling trust-money, and supporting the fraud by perjury; for he was inquiring what was the mind of Heaven, and if Apollo advised the crime. And so from cowardice, not conscience, he gave it back, yet furnished proof that every utterance from the shrine was true and worthy of that fane; for he was cut off, and all his children with him, and his household, and all his relatives, however remote the line of their kinship. Such punishment attends the mere desire to sin; for he who in secret meditates a crime in his heart incurs the guilt of the deed. And

what, if he has carried out his ends? Then his disquietude knows no relief, abating not even at mealtimes, when his mouth is parched as if with fever, and the food clings and swells between his molars. Poor wretch, he spits out the wines of Setia[6]; the costly Alban mellowed by old age disgusts him. Offer him a choicer brand; still clouds of wrinkles gather on his brow, such as tart Falernian might cause. At night—if so be his solicitude has vouchsafed him a little doze, and, after tossing all over the couch, his limbs at last are resting—straightway he sees in a dream the shrine and altars of the outraged God, and what oppresses his heart with a peculiar horror—a vision of yourself! Your form, weird and colossal, scares him with terror, and drives him to a confession. It is such as he that quake and blench at every lightning-flash, and when it thunders, faint with fear even at the firmament's first rumble, as though not from mere chance or violence of wind, but in wrath and judgment the flame was falling on the earth. If the last storm did no hurt, the next is feared with more profound anxiety, as though this lull was but a reprieve. And then, too, the instant that they feel the pain of pleurisy, with its fever and sleeplessness, these they regard as slings and arrows of the Gods, and think the sickness has been aimed at their frames by an offended Heaven. They dare not vow to the shrine a bleating lamb, or promise a cock's comb to their

Household Gods ; for what hope is left to the villain's sick couch ? Nay, what victim is not more worthy to live ? The nature of the bad is for the most part fickle and unstable. When they commit the sin they are supported by daring ; the difference betwixt right and wrong they begin to feel too late, when their crimes are accomplished. But still nature fixed and unalterable harks back to the habits reprobated ; for who ever yet prescribed a limit to his sins ? or when has any one gained back the blush once banished from his brazen face ? What man have you yet seen content himself with one misdeed ? Our perjured friend will step into the trap, will make acquaintance with the hangman's hook in the dark prison, or with some cliff in the Aegean, where exiles of the first quality swarm upon the crags. You will exult in the bitter punishment of one you hate, and then at length will joyfully admit that none of the Gods is either deaf or like 'the sightless seer.'

XIV

Fuscinus, there are many acts meriting infamy and imprinting a lasting stain on Nature's fair creations, which parents of themselves suggest and pass on to their boys. If your old age finds solace in the ruinous dice, your heir takes to gambling while still wearing

the boy's badge, and rattles the missiles of your warfare in his miniature dice-box. Nor will any of his kin be allowed to hope better things of a young man who has learnt from the teachings of a good-for-nothing parent and a hoary-headed glutton how to peel truffles, and dress mushrooms, and set the beccaficoes a-swimming in his papa's sauce. When seven years have passed over the boy's head, before his second crop of teeth has all sprung up, though you set bearded sages at him, a thousand at each elbow, still he will desire always to dine in sumptuous style, and to have no decline in the glories of his kitchen. Does Rutilus enjoin gentleness and leniency towards trivial faults? Does he think that slaves' souls and bodies have like constituents and common elements with ours? Or does he not rather teach cruelty, this Rutilus, who delights in the blood-curdling hiss of the knout, preferring the music of the lash to all the Sirens' songs—an Antiphates and Polyphemus to his cowering household—then at his happiest when the torturer is called and some one is branded with the hot iron, all on account of a pair of towels? What does his joy in the clanking of chains suggest to his son? Or his strange delight in branded gangs and country bridewells? Do you expect Larga's daughter to be moral, when she can never rehearse her mother's paramours however rapidly, string them together however trippingly, without full thirty gasps for breath? While still a girl she was

mamma's accomplice; and now, at her dictation, she fills her own tiny tablets, and sends them to her partners in sin by the same disreputable go-betweens. Such is Nature's law. Bad home-examples taint more quickly, because they enter our minds with weightier authority. Perhaps they may be spurned by a youth or two, whose hearts the Titan with gracious purpose moulded of finer clay; but the rest, instead of fleeing, follow their fathers' footprints, and are drawn on in the track of habitual crime so long familiar to their eyes. Therefore refrain from all that merits blame. There is at any rate one motive that commands this course—the fear lest our own offspring copy our vice; for all of us are easily schooled to imitate what is base and bad; you will find a Catiline in any nation, under any sky, but nowhere a Brutus, no, nor a Cato.[1] Let no foul word or sight come nigh the threshold where dwells the father of a family.[2] Away with the panders' wenches! Away with the songs of that night-bird the parasite! You owe your boy the profoundest respect. If meditating aught that is base, despise not your boy's tender years; but let the image of your infant son arrest you on the verge of sin. For should he some day do a deed to earn the censor's wrath, and show himself not only your counterpart in face and figure, but the heir of your character as well—one to follow in your steps, and sin every sin in worse degree—you will chide and scold him, no doubt, with

loud reproaches, and then proceed to change your will. But whence that boldness, whence those parental rights, when you do worse, despite your old age, and though the windy[3] cupping-instrument has long been on the look-out for that brainless pate of yours?

If company is coming, none of your people will have any rest. 'Sweep the pavement! Let me see the pillars glistening! Down with that shrivelled spider and all her web! Ho! you! polish the plain silver, and you the figured cups!' So the master storms at the top of his voice, urging them on, with rod in hand. Poor wretch! are you in such a fidget lest the hall, soiled with dogs' droppings, may offend your friend's eye, when he comes, and lest the vestibule be splashed with mud—all of which one little page with one half-peck of sawdust puts to rights—but yet bestow no thought on this, that your son's eye shall rest upon a household unsullied, stainless, innocent of vice? We thank you that you gave a citizen to your country and your people, if you make him worthy of that country, helpful to its soil, helpful in public work in peace and war; for it will matter much in what lessons and principles you train him. The stork supports her young with snakes and lizards found in lonely wilds, and when full-fledged they seek the same kind of prey. The vulture speeds from the gibbet, and dead horse, and dog, home to its young, and bears to them their share of the carcase.

Such, therefore, is the food of the young vulture when it too grows up, and forages for itself, and makes a nest in a tree of its own; whereas the noble birds that are Jove's ministers chase in the woods the hare or wild goat, with the flesh of which they supply their nest; but when their brood is full-grown and has taken to the air, impelled by hunger, it swoops upon the prey which it first tasted when it cracked its shell.

Cretonius had a craze for building. Now on Gaeta's winding shore, and now on Tibur's topmost heights, or on Praeneste's hills, he reared his high-roofed villas with marbles brought from Greece or farther still, dwarfing both Fortune's shrine and that of Hercules just as Eunuch Posides eclipsed our own Capitol. Thus grandly housed, Cretonius spent his cash and wrecked his fortunes. Yet still the amount of the residue was far from small; but all of this was madly squandered by the son in raising up new villas of still finer stone.

Some, to whom Fortune has given a father superstitious about Sabbaths, are worshippers of nought except the clouds and the divine sky, and think the flesh of swine (from which their fathers shrank) exactly on a par with that of man. Soon they are also circumcised. But, trained to scorn the laws of Rome, they learn by heart, obey, and reverence the Jewish code, the whole of that which Moses in his mystic volume handed down—to show the way to

none but fellow-worshippers, to guide none but the circumcised to the well they seek. The fault lies with the father, who made of every seventh day a day of sloth and unconcerned with any of life's interests.

But other vices youths copy of themselves; avarice and avarice alone they are commanded to practise, even against their will. For its enormity escapes attention through its virtuous guise and semblance; since its demeanour is grave, its garb and look austere; and the skinflint may get unqualified praise as a thrifty soul, a frugal man, whose money is in surer keeping than if the hoard were guarded by Hesperian or Colchian dragon. Besides, the multitude think him of whom I speak a master of the 'Art of Getting'; and certainly these are the craftsmen who make a fortune grow beneath their hand, yes, grow by all means, fair and foul alike. The anvil ever at work and forge always alight increase its bulk. And so the father, too, considers a miser's to be a happy disposition; and, worshipping money, and reflecting that never was there an instance of a poor man 'well off,' counsels his sons to follow that path, and join that school of Philosophers. Vice, so to say, has its own alphabet; in this he trains them first, and makes them learn by rote the pettiest meannesses, and soon he instils the unquenchable desire for money-getting. With a short measure he pinches his slaves' bellies, not forgetting to stint himself too. Never, indeed,

can he bear to eat at once all the decaying scraps of mouldy bread; for it is his practice, even in the middle of September, to save the mince of yesterday, and put by under his seal for to-morrow's dinner, ay, even in summer time, the dish of beans and fragments of lacertus or half a stale shad, and to lock up the cut-leek parings[4]—first counting them! To such a meal a beggar from a bridge will refuse an invitation. But why amass wealth at cost of such pain, when it is sheer madness, transparent lunacy, to live a pauper's life, so as to die a millionaire? Meantime, while the money-bag swells, filled to the mouth, the love of lucre is growing fast as the wealth itself has grown; he who has it not covets it least. And so you get a second country-house, now that one estate does not suffice; and you keep wishing to extend your bounds, and thinking your neighbour's corn-field a bigger and a better than your own. That, too, you seek to buy: his plantations, and his hill with its pale olive woods; but, if no price can tempt the owner, you will send by night upon his green corn-lands your lean kine and your fagged and famished team, nor drive them home till all the standing crop has made its way into their ravenous bellies; you would think that sickles did the work. You could scarce say how many have to mourn over mischief of such sort, how many properties are forced upon the market by outrages like this. 'But what a scandal! What an

ugly tale for rumour to blare abroad!' 'What harm?' is his reply. 'I care less than a pea-pod for the praise of my neighbour throughout all the countryside, if I am to reap only a poor handful of corn from a scanty farm.' No doubt you will be free from sickness and infirmity: you will be exempt from grief and care: long years of life with happier lot from this time forward will be yours, if only you be sole owner of as much ploughed land as the Roman people tilled under Tatius' rule. In later days even worn-out veterans, who took the knocks of Carthaginian warfare or of the fierce Pyrrhus and his Molossian sabres, received at length, as pay for their many wounds, barely two acres each. And yet to none of them did such return for their blood and toil appear in any case beneath their merits, nor like a breach of faith by a thankless country. A little plot like that would satisfy the goodman himself and the inmates of his hut, where lay a wife in childbed, with four youngsters romping round—one slave boy, and three young masters, whose grown-up brothers would find, on their return from trenching or from ploughing, a later and more plentiful meal in the big steaming pots of porridge. But nowadays a piece of land like that is not enough for our pleasure-ground. Hence the main source of crime. No vice of the human heart has mixed more poison, or handles oftener the assassin's knife, than savage

greed for boundless wealth. For he who would be rich would be rich quickly ; but what respect for law, what fear, what shame is ever found in one who makes haste to be rich? 'Live in contentment with your huts and hills, my lads!' the old Marsian, Hernican, or Vestinian would say in days of yore. 'Let us with the plough win bread sufficing for our board. This gains the blessing of the rural Gods, by whose help and favour there came to man disdain of the old-fashioned oak, after the welcome boon of corn. He will not hanker for forbidden pleasures who feels no shame in wearing country high-lows in the frost, and who with furs reversed sends the east wind about its business. It is that outlandish purple, whatever it be, of which we know nothing, that leads to sin and turpitude.' So those old worthies taught their children. But nowadays, even after autumn's close, a father rouses with a shout his slumbering son at midnight: 'Get up, lad: take your tablets: write: prepare your pleas: peruse the old red-lettered Acts: or else memorialise for a commission. But see that Laelius observes your head innocent of the comb, and your hirsute nostrils, and marks admiringly your breadth of shoulder. Overthrow the Moorish huts or the Brigantian forts—that so your sixtieth year may bring you the eagle and a fortune. Or, if you hate the camp's monotonous toil, if sound of horn and clarion upset your stomach with fright, procure some stock you may retail for half as

much again; and do not turn up your nose at anything saleable, although tabooed on our side of Tiber. And do not suppose that there is anything to choose between perfumery and hides. Money smells sweet, however got. Have ever on your lips this truth, worthy of a poet of Heaven, ay, of Jove himself, "None ask how you get; but get you must."' This old withered nurses teach to boys before they walk; and this the girls all learn before their A, B, C. This is the admonition which I might address to any father who was urging such like counsels: 'Say, fool, who spurs *you* on? I guarantee the pupil will beat his master: you may go off, and set your mind at rest. You will be outdone by him, as Telamon was surpassed by Ajax, and Peleus outdone by Achilles. Allow for his tender years.[5] The taint of full-blown vice has not yet struck to the bone. But, when he has begun to comb his beard, and introduce it to a long razor's edge, he will be a perjured witness, and for a trifle sell his oath, with hand on Ceres' foot and altar. Count your son's wife as dead and buried, if she passes your threshold with fateful dowry. Ha! what hands are those strangling her in her sleep! What you would compass sea and land to gain he will make his way to by a shorter path. A monstrous crime gives trifling trouble. You will say some day, "I never taught him this, nor gave such counsel." And yet in you is the fount and source of his depravity; for he who has inspired a lust for

inordinate wealth, and brings his sons up to be misers by his sinister counsels, and teaches them to double their estates by fraud,[6] such a one relieves them from control, and flings loose reins to the chariot. If you recall the youth now, he cannot stop. Deaf to your warning, he sweeps along, leaving the turning-posts far behind. No one is satisfied to sin only just so much as you allow. So sure are men to give themselves more latitude. Assure a youth that he is a fool who would give to a friend or would raise and set upon his feet a poor relation; you teach him thus to rob, to swindle, and to win by every form of crime that wealth for which your love is as strong as was the love of country in the Decii's hearts; as strong (if true those tales of Greece) as Menoeceus felt for Thebes, where shielded hosts sprout up in furrows from seed of dragon's teeth, and take at once to deadly strife, as if a bugler rose beside them. And so you will see the fire, the seeds of which you yourself supplied, blazing far and near and carrying all before it; nor will *you*, poor wretch, be spared, and there, in his own den, the lion you have reared will with a mighty roar despatch his terrified keeper. Your horoscope is known to the astrologers; but it is wearisome to wait upon the tardy distaff. So you must die before your thread of life is broken off. Even at this moment you are standing in his light and baulking his wishes. Already your son is plagued with your length of years, as

tedious as a stag's. Seek an Archigenes at once, and buy the "Mithridatic Mixture,"[7] if ever you would again pluck a fig, or even cull the roses of another spring. You ought to have by you the antidote which every father and king should take before his meals.'

I now proceed to point out to you a capital diversion, with which no play and no sumptuous Praetor's show can bear comparison, to watch at what peril to life a man buys the increase of his substance, his pile of money-bags in brass-bound coffers, and his hoard of gold that Castor the Watchman[8] must take in charge, now that Mars, the Avenging God, has actually lost his helmet, and failed to save his own effects. You may leave, then, all the shows of Flora, Ceres, and Cybele. Far finer is the farce of human life. What! is there more amusement in figures propelled from a spring-board, and in a practised tight-rope dancer, than in the sight that you afford, for ever hanging about that Cilician craft, and making it your house—to be everlastingly tossed about by Mistral and Sirocco—and braving everything, to drive a low trade in odoriferous bags, gloating over your cargoes of full-bodied raisin-wine and jars—Jove's fellow-burghers from Crete's classic shore? But he, as he paces on with hazardous step, by that wage of his gets food, and by that rope of his keeps off the cold and hunger. You risk your life to gain a thousandth talent or a hundredth villa. Behold the

harbours and Ocean itself crowded with mighty ships! Most people are now at sea. A fleet will go wherever hope of gain may call, and not only will it dance over the Carpathian and Gaetulian seas, but, leaving Calpe far behind, it will hear the Sun God hissing as he dips in Hercules' surge. It is well worth while to have paid a visit to the Ocean monsters and the young folks of the sea, in order to return to your home with well-crammed money-bags—with swelling port and swollen purse. Each head is turned with its own particular craze. One in his sister's arms is in the 'horrors' at the Furies' scowls and firebrands; another stabs an ox, and thinks its lowing the voice of Agamemnon or of the Prince of Ithaca. He may have mercy on his shirts and coats, still that man needs a guardian who crams a ship with merchandise up to the bulwark's edge—kept from a watery grave by one plank's breadth; while some silver, carved into tiny heads and legends, supplies the only motive for all that pain and peril! The rain comes on with lightning. 'Let go the cable,' cries the owner of the corn or pepper that has been bought up. 'There is nothing menacing in the colour of the sky nor in yon dark cloud-rack; it is summer thunder.' This very night mayhap the wretch, swept from his foundering bark, will be engulfed and overwhelmed in billows, clutching his purse with his left hand and his teeth. But[9] all in vain—the man, whose wishes

so recently could not be satisfied with all the gold washed down by the Tagus and Pactolus' red sands, will now be satisfied with the rags that hide his shivering loins and with a scanty meal, the while he begs a copper 'for a shipwrecked sailor,' and makes a living for himself with a picture of the storm.

Wealth so hardly earned demands still greater care and anxiety to keep. It is wretched work—this guarding a big fortune. Licinus, the millionaire, posts a regiment of his slaves to range the fire-buckets and keep night-watch, in a fever of anxiety for the amber, and the statues (all his own), and for his Phrygian shafts, his ivory, and broad slabs of tortoise-shell. The naked Cynic's tub[10] does not take fire. Break it, he will get a new house made to-morrow—even[11] the old one, if soldered, will still serve. Alexander, gazing upon that vessel's illustrious tenant, felt how much happier was he, with no desires, than himself, who craved the whole world for his own, and was foredoomed to perils that might well counterpoise his glories. (Ah, Fortune! thou hast no divinity, if Wisdom be with us. It is we, it is we who deify thee.) Yet still, if any ask of me what measure of wealth is enough, then would I say: 'Enough to meet the calls of hunger, thirst, and cold; as much as was enough for thee, Epicurus, in thy modest garden: as much as the Household Gods of Socrates received in earlier days. Never is Nature's voice

opposed to Wisdom's. Think you, I bind you down by too ascetic patterns? Then infuse something of our modern notions. Make the sum that which Otho's law thinks worthy of "The Fourteen Rows." If this still makes you frown and pout, take that which represents two knights, nay, make up a third four hundred thousand. If I have not yet filled your lap, if it still yawns for more, not even Croesus' wealth nor Persia's Empire will content your heart, no, nor the riches of Narcissus, whose every whim the Caesar Claudius humoured, whose every order he obeyed—yes, even to the killing of his consort!'

XV

Volusius Bithynicus, who does not know the kind of monsters that that mad country Egypt worships? One district adores the crocodile, another quakes before an ibis with its maw full of snakes. The image of the holy ape with the long tail flashes its golden rays where Memnon broken in twain makes music on the wizard chords, and where ancient Thebes with her hundred gates lies in ruins. Here whole towns worship cats, there river-fish, there the dog, but none Diana![1] Leek and onion it is

impious to desecrate or lacerate with a tooth. What a religious race, that has such Gods a-sprouting in its gardens! At every table the fleecy tribe is tabooed. There it is a crime to spill the blood of the she-goat's young, while it is lawful to feed on human flesh. When Ulysses over the supper-table told the amazed Alcinous of an atrocity of this kind, he found he had roused the gall, or maybe the ridicule, of some of the guests, and figured as a lying charlatan. 'Is there no one to pitch this fellow into the sea, with his inventions of savage Laestrygones and Cyclopes—deserving as he does a real Charybdis with a vengeance? I would sooner swallow his tale of Scylla, or of the sides of the *Dark Crags* clashing together, or of the skins full of storms, or of Elpenor receiving a gentle tap from Circe and falling a-grunting in concert with his shipmates turned into pigs. Did he take the Phaeacian people for such numskulls?' Even thus might one of them have fairly spoken while still sober—one who had quaffed his wine but sparingly from the Corcyrean bowl; for the man of Ithaca recited this his tale upon his own authority, unsupported by witnesses. Though strange the tale that I will tell, yet it is of things done but the other day in Juncus' consulship, away beyond the walls of parched-up Coptus—a tale of a people's crime, of worse horrors than all the scenes of tragedy; for though you may overhaul all tragic themes from

the age of Pyrrha, you will find the poets of tragedy never bring on a nation committing a murder. Let me, then, offer you a sample of what barbarous cruelty has done for our own generation.

Between the neighbours Ombi and Tentyra there is still a hot and long-standing feud of remote origin, an undying rancour, and incurable soreness. The animosity of the mob on both sides is chiefly due to this, that each place dislikes its neighbour's religion, holding that no Gods should be recognised but those of its own cult. However, it was the holiday time of one of the two peoples, and the chance seemed to all the great men and the rulers of the hostile tribe one to be snatched at, to prevent their enemies enjoying their day of mirth and festivity, and the ecstasy of a big feed, with tables laid out at the temples and crossways, and the couches not meant for sleep remaining spread all night and day—still found there sometimes by the seventh morning's sun. (Egypt, indeed, is savage enough, yet in self-indulgence, so far as I have myself observed, its mob of barbarians does not yield to infamous Canopus.) Add this, too, that victory is easy to gain over men drunk, stammering, and staggering in their cups. See, on the one side, actually grown men dancing to a negro piper, perfumes (such as they are!), flowers, and no lack of garlands on their heads; on the other side, hate—and an empty stomach! But, to

proceed, their passions are on fire, and taunts are the first thing heard—the bugle-call to the fray. Then with answering cheers they charge, and, failing weapons, bare hands do the cruel work. Few are the cheeks ungashed. Scarcely one—indeed, none—in all the crowd of combatants has got a whole nose left. And now all through the lines one might see mutilated faces, features disfigured, cheeks cut open and the bones starting out, fists dripping with the blood from men's eyes. Still they think themselves only sporting, only like children playing at soldiers, because there are no trampled corpses. And, indeed, what is the good of all those thousands of fighting mobsmen if none are to be killed? And so they charge more furiously, and now set to hurling stones, which with bended arms they had gathered on the ground (handy weapons for a riot); but no such stone as Turnus and Ajax hurled, none heavy as that with which the son of Tydeus smote Aeneas' hip, but such as hands quite different from theirs—the creation of our own age—could fling. For this race of ours was already on the wane even in Homer's lifetime. The men the Earth breeds nowadays are not merely vicious, but puny; so any God that ever deigned to look at them laughs at, as well as hates, them.

But to get back my story from this digression. When, after being reinforced, one side dares to draw the sword and to renew the fight with a discharge of

arrows, the dwellers in Tentyra, near neighbour to the palm-groves, show their backs in headlong flight to the men of Ombi who are on their heels. At this point [2] one man in excess of terror overruns himself, slips, and is taken. Then the mob of conquerors cut him up into many scraps and morsels, so that the single corpse might serve for the whole multitude, and then they ate up the whole of him and picked the bones, without cooking him either in a seething-pot or on a spit—such very tiresome, tedious work they thought it to wait for a fire, being well contented with the carcase raw! Here we may well rejoice they did not desecrate the fire Prometheus stole from Heaven's citadel and gave to Earth. Congratulations, Element! You must be glad, I am sure. However, the man who did not flinch from chewing 'corpse' never ate anything with greater gusto than that meat. Ask not nor wonder if, when the crime was one so great, only the first [3] to taste it relished it. I tell you, the last who stood there waiting, when the whole corpse was now consumed, scraped his fingers along the ground, and secured himself a taste of blood. The Vascones, in days of old, so runs the tale, prolonged their lives on food like this. But then the case was different. For, while *there* there was Fortune's spite, war's extremities, a desperate plight, the frightful famine of a long blockade, the instance, of which I *now* speak, of this kind of feeding should wake our pity.

In the case of the nation I have just named, it was only when every green thing and every living thing had been used up, and everything to which the rage of a craving appetite drove them (so that their very foemen pitied their pale and haggard faces and wasted frames), that they tore to pieces in their hunger the limbs of others, and were ready to eat—ay, even their own! Say, what man or what God would refuse forgiveness to bellies[4] that had suffered such dire extremities? The very ghosts of the men whose bodies they were eating might well have pardoned them. It is true that Zeno's maxims teach *us* something better. They inculcate that some things, but not all things, should be done to save one's life.[5] But how should a Cantabrian be a Stoic, and that too in old Metellus' time? Nowadays, it is true, all the world has got the culture of both Greece and Rome; Gaul, home of eloquence, has taught the Britons to be pleaders; Thule now talks of hiring a rhetorician. Still that famous people, whom we have mentioned, and Zagynthos, too—their equal in valour and honour, more than their equal in suffering—have some such excuse to plead. But Egypt is yet more ruthless than the Maeotic Altar. For the Tauric goddess, the foundress of that horrid rite—to grant for the moment the credibility of poets' tales—merely sacrifices men; the victim has nothing further, nothing more grievous than the knife

to fear. Only, what calamity drove these to their purpose? What extremity of famine, or what pressure of blockade impelled them to venture on so hateful an atrocity? Could they, if Memphis' land went dry, bring any worse reproach[6] upon the Nile for refusing to rise? Such a frenzy as was never felt by the dread Cimbri, or Britons, or fell Sauromatians, or savage Agathyrsi—now fires that cowardly and worthless mob, who spend their lives navigating their clay canoes with their little bits of sails, and straining their muscles over the stumpy paddles of their gay craft of—earthenware. No penalty that you will invent can match their crime; nor will you be able to devise a fit punishment for tribes like these, in whose nature anger has equal and like effect with hunger. That the heart she gives mankind is the most tender of all Nature herself avows—that Nature who gave us the 'gift of tears,' the best of our emotions. So she prompts us to grief for the mournful guise of a friend pleading his cause, a prisoner at the bar, or when a cheating guardian is called into court by a ward whose tear-bedewed features and girlish tresses disguise his sex. It is at Nature's bidding that we mourn when a marriageable maiden's funeral meets us, or when the grave closes upon a babe too little for the flame of the pyre. For what good man, worthy of the mystic torch, and such as Ceres' priest would have him be, thinks any one's troubles no

concern of his? It is this which separates us from the herd of speechless brutes. This is the reason that we alone have received a reverential mind, and can apprehend things divine, and are fitted to practise and understand the arts of life, and have derived from high Heaven the boon of sympathy which creatures lack that stoop and stare at earth. At the beginning of the world our common Author granted to them merely the gift of life, to us of mind as well, that mutual feelings of regard might urge us to seek and render aid: to draw the scattered into a nation: to shift our quarters from the ancestral woods, leaving the groves that were our grandsires' homes: to build houses: to place our home next another's roof-tree, that confidence born of union might vouchsafe us sleep in the security lent by a neighbour's threshold: to protect with arms a fellow-citizen prostrate or staggering beneath a heavy blow: to sound war-signals on a common trumpet: to shelter ourselves behind the self-same walls, and to be kept safe with the key of a common portal. But, as it is, there is greater concord among serpents. The beast of like race is tender to its spotted kin. When has a stronger lion taken a brother-lion's life? In what woodland has ever boar expired by the tusk of a larger boar? The Indian tigress keeps an unbroken peace with its savage sister, and there is harmony between the fierce bears. But for man it is not enough to have forged the

fatal blade upon the accursed anvil, although the smiths of yore were wont to fashion only mattocks and hoes, and to weary themselves with making pick and ploughshare, and knew not how to hammer out the sword. We see whole nations now, whose wrath mere murder does not satisfy,—men who have come to regard their victim's chest, and arms, and face as a variety of food. What would Pythagoras then say, or whither would he not take flight, if he saw such horrors as these to-day; he who abstained from all brutes' flesh as if it were man's, nor even indulged his belly with every kind of pulse?

XVI

Who, Gallius, could enumerate the advantages of lucky soldiering? Why, if only I can enter a crack regiment, then let the camp-gate give welcome to a bashful recruit like myself—but may it be beneath a lucky star! For greater in its influence is one hour of favouring fortune than an introduction to Mars by a letter from Venus, or by that mother of his, who loves the sands of Samos.

First, let us touch on the privileges that all soldiers enjoy. This will prove not the least of them—that

no citizen would venture to thrash you ; nay, should he be thrashed, he would hush it up, nor venture to show the Praetor his knocked-out teeth, his face, all one dark, livid, swollen mass, and his eye still in its place, indeed, but despaired of[1] by his doctor. And, if he would get redress for this, the judge assigned him is a soldier's boot and burly calves to suit the capacious bench,[2] for the old martial law and the rules of Camillus are observed, that no soldier shall be a litigant outside the camp nor far from the standards. 'So there is to be a thoroughly fair trial of the soldier's case by the Centurions; nor shall I fail to get satisfaction if a fair ground of complaint be presented.' Nay, but the whole battalion is opposed to you, and all the companies, acting in perfect concert, take good care that the redress you get shall need a doctor's treatment, too, and prove a greater grievance even than the wrong. And so it would be worthy of the mulish wits of that ranter Vagellius, seeing you have but two legs, to fall foul of so many soldiers' boots, and so many thousand soldiers' spikes. Besides this, who would go all that way from Town? Who would be such a Pylades, as to venture beyond the big Embankment? Dried be our tears at once, and let us not worry our friends, who are sure to make excuses. When the judge says, 'Produce your witness,' let the one who saw the fisticuffs, any chance bystander, dare to say,

'I saw it,' and I will deem him worthy the beard, worthy the long locks of the men of old. You could more readily bring forward a false witness against a civilian than a truthful one to hurt the pocket or to hurt the honour of a man-at-arms.

Now, let us look at other prizes and other gains from the oath of enlistment. Say an unscrupulous neighbour has filched from me a glade or meadow of my family lands, and dug up from the middle of the boundary-line the sacred stone, which my beans and flat cake have yearly honoured, or a debtor persists in not repaying the cash he borrowed, saying the signature is forged and the tablets worthless, I have to wait for that indefinite time that is to begin the suits of—the whole of Rome. And even then we must put up with a thousand delays, a thousand hindrances; so often does a cushion only occupy the Bench! And, even while Caedicius the Eloquent is putting off his cloak, and Fuscus is getting ready, we have to part, though fully equipped for battle, and so we wage our strife in the Court's wearisome arena. But for the men whom armour clothes and baldric girds, the time that suits *themselves* is the time appointed for the pleading, nor is their substance worn away by the Law's tedious drag.

Besides, to soldiers only is the right allowed of making bequests during a father's lifetime; for what is earned by military service the Law directs

shall form no part of that property of which the father has entire control. And so Coranus, who marches with the standards, and earns regimental pay, is courted for his fortune by his own father, though now palsied with age. Well-merited favour gives the soldier his promotion, and pays the due reward to his honest efforts. Clearly it seems the interest of the General himself that the brave man should likewise be the most lucky: that all may pride themselves on their decorations, and all on their golden collars.

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NOTES

I

[1] Cf. Mart. 12 18 15.

[2] 'The group of entirely volcanic islands . . . designated . . . *insulae Vulcaniae*, or, owing to the strong gases which are evolved by the eruptions, "wind-islands," Αἰολίδες, Αἰόλου νῆσοι' (Kiepert).

[3] Wickham on Hor. *Od.* 1 6 2.

[4] Cf. Luc. 1 147, 'temerando parcere ferro': an imitation not mentioned by Heitland. See his long list in Haskins' edition, Introd. pp. cxxx. *sq.*

[5] Henry, *Aeneidea*, on 1 160, and 5 28. For the metaphor cf. Verg. *Georg.* 2 541-42.

[6] The 'Ara Augusti.' See reff. in Heinrich.

[7] Cf. Shaksp. *A. and C.* 'Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed' (2 5 21).

[8] Mayor's note is '"Joiner," sarcastic (84) of this eponymous hero of art.'

[9] *Leg.* 'signator falso, qui' (supported by Friedländer).

[10] *Leg.* 'fecerit.'

[11] *Leg.* 'aliquis' (Jahn).

[12] An imitation of Pers. 1 54, though with a different meaning (Conington). For 'reddere' cf. Catull. 64 362; 66 37.

[13] 'Parva': note emphatic position of the word; also of 'togatae.'

[14] 'Praeco' is perhaps used ironically for the 'nomenclator.' The great man is called 'rex' in 136.

[15] '"Parant," produce; probably as yearly income' (Mayor).

[16] *Leg.* 'habitat.'

[17] These are only for show, not hospitality.

[18] Mayor reads 'it' in 4th ed. (1886) for 'et' in former ed., quoting in support Ov. *F.* 1 15; but in Pref. p. xlix. returns to 'et,' adopting Bücheler's punctuation.

[19] *Leg.* 'dices' (*P*).

[20] *Leg.* 'pectore.'

[21] *Leg.* 'deducis': supported by Bücheler and Friedländer.

[22] The poet is often represented as doing himself what he only describes. Cf. Verg. *Ecl.* 6 62; 9 20.

[23] A prov. expr. fr. Ter. *And.* 126. Note omission of verb, Dräger, I. 198.

[24] Another prov. expr. Cf. Verg. *Aen.* 11 424.

III

[1] Cf. Aesch. *Cho.* 1004.

[2] 'Caballus,' a vulgar word for 'equus,'—a characteristic scoff at mythology.

[3] 'Asturici,' the former owner; Persicus is the present owner.

[4] Or perhaps, the best supplied of the destitute; see Heinrich.

[5] It seems not unlikely that there is a play on the double sense of 'tumeo.' Cf. 8 40.

[6] See Alford on Acts 16 13.

IV

[1] 'Bring him on the stage' (Mayor).

[2] 'Sordid and niggardly Apicius.' So Mayor; but 'frugi' seems to be almost always used in a good sense—here, of course, ironical.

[3] The use of the archaic form is no doubt ironical. Probably also, as has been suggested, there is a hint at Domitian's ill success in military affairs. Cf. 135.

[4] Probably with a hint, as Simcox observes, that the 'monstrum' would need the 'procuratio' of the Pontifex.

[5] *Leg.* 'saginae' (Jahn).

[6] For reasons against taking *abolla* here as 'philosopher's cloak,' see Mayor, i. p. 407.

[7] 'Erectas in terga sudes.' The expression is obscure and perhaps hopelessly unintelligible. It is lightly passed over by most editors. Lewis translates, 'Do you perceive the bristles erect on his back?'

—a rendering hard to justify grammatically. 'Sudes' properly = 'stakes'; but seems to be used here of the fin-rays of the turbot: see Badham's *Prose Halieutics* p. 362. It may be that there is a play upon the word, and that 'erectas in terga sudes' = 'erectam in terga sudium aciem' (cf. 'erigere aciem in clivum,' etc., and for 'sudes' = 'aciem sudium' cf. τὰ ὅπλα = ὁπλῖται). Prof. Tucker cites as parallel Shaksp. *Ven. and Ad.* (of a wild boar)—

> 'On his *bow-back* he hath a *battle set*
> Of *bristly pikes*, that ever threat his foes.'

[8] Or perhaps 'court.' See Ducange and Georges, *s.v.*

V

[1] 'Illi' locative; cf. Plaut. *Am.* 133 and 744; Ter. *Ad.* 116; *Hec.* 217; Roby § 524. Others take it as *dativus commodi.*

[2] *Leg.* 'distinguat.' 'Distendat' would mean 'tries the capacity of.'

[3] 'Constrictus' must also contain the idea 'pinched for room.' Not only is an inferior kind of fish given you, but they serve it on so small a plate that the half-egg used for dressing cramps it for space.

[4] 'He too' *i.e.* he also is of low origin, like the eel, which likewise comes from a drain.

[5] Bücheler takes it '*ab ipsis illibus frater* plane consanguineus,' —giving quite an undue emphasis to *frater*, to say nothing of other objections.

[6] *I.e.* in case one is rich; but as matters now stand (since you are poor) you may have as many children as you please without estranging him.

[7] Or, as the word used is 'solo' not 'mero,' perhaps the more natural sense is 'on the smell of which (and only that) you are to feast.'

VII

[1] 'Bithynia and Galatia had got very much mixed up together.' Munro ap. Mayor.

[2] *Leg.* 'crocea membrana tabella' (Jahn), approved by Munro. 'Croceae membrana tabellae,' K. F. Hermann, Bücheler, Beer, Weidner.

[3] A choice between cremation or interment.

[4] *Leg.* 'maculosas' with Heinrich. 'Maculonis,' Bücheler with *P.*

[5] Heinrich explains 'longe' = 'diu.' So too Weidner, quoting Hor. *Od.* 2 20 4 in justification; but it does not seem possible to find a parallel use of the *positive.*

[6] *Leg.* 'petit.' 'Perit,' Beer, Bücheler, and Weidner after *P.*

[7] See *Revue de Philologie,* iii. p. 14.

[8] *Leg.* 'quod do' with Mayor. 'Quid do, Ut totiens illum pater audiat?' (Büch.)

[9] *Leg.* 'curas.' Mayor prefers 'cura: set.'

VIII

[1] 'Facili' dat. (So Mayor, ind.) Others join 'facili' with 'palma,' and 'plurima' with 'victoria.'

[2] *Leg.* 'Nepotis.' Mayor notes 'a miller of the day'; but there does not appear to be any authority for the statement. Bücheler reads 'nepotes,' following *P.*

[3] 'Perit,' prob. pf. as in 6 563, etc., and in Phaedr., Sen., etc. For the sense, cf. Sen. *Ep.* 82 2: 'Puto, aeque, qui in odoribus jacet, mortuus est, quam qui rapitur unco. Otium sine literis mors est et hominis vivi sepultura.'

[4] *Leg.* 'regum.' Jahn and Bücheler read 'rerum.'

[5] *Leg.* 'eripietur' (Bücheler, following *p* ω).

[6] The passage from Petron. 29, quoted by Mayor and others, appears to be conclusive in favour of the rendering adopted.

[7] This seems undoubtedly an allusion to Verg. *Aen.* 8 724, 'discinctos Afros.' 'Discincti' describes the national dress of the Carthaginians, and is contrasted with that of the Roman soldiers, who were 'praecincti.' (See Henry *ad loc.*) Juvenal satirically attributes the absence of the girdle to the fact of the Romans having stolen their purses.

[8] *Leg.* 'Mulio consul,' Bücheler's restoration for 'multo' (*p* ω). Apparently accepted by Robinson Ellis (*Clas. Rev.* ii. 71), also by Weidner, who, after Mayor (Pref. I. xlviii.), compares 'meretrix Augusta' (6 118) and 'meretrix regina,' Prop. 4 11 39. Cf. also

Auson. *Epigr.* 10 1, 'uxor moecha'; Tac. *Ann.* 3 6, 'imperator populus,' and other exx. in Dräger I. 668 *sq.* and II. ix.

[9] 'robum.' Mayor notes that the word is archaic ('more Numae').

[10] Jahn places a comma after 'altaria.' Bücheler's punctuation has been adopted.

'Altaria,' see Rich's *Dict. of Ant. s.v.*

[11] *Leg.* 'tridentem et,' with K. F. Hermann and Mayor.

[12] Heinrich and most of the commentators take *spīra* for the strings of the spiked cap (*galerus*) worn by the priests of Mars. The same view is held by Rich (*Dict. of Ant. s.vv.*) Gracchus is mentioned as a priest of Mars in *Sat.* 2 117 *sqq.* Mayor, following *Schol.*, takes *galerus* for the shoulder-guard, which served the *retiarius* as a kind of shield, and *spīra* for 'a band passing round the body from the left shoulder to the right hip, and attached to the net.' So also Friedländer and Guhl and Koner.

[13] *Leg.* 'quantum vix Leucade' the conj. of K. F. Hermann, adopted by Mayor. Jahn and Bücheler read 'non,' following *p ω*.

X

[1] *Leg.* 'umbram,' *P*, followed by Beer and Bücheler.

[2] Others, not very poetically, understand it of 'a laugh that contracts the muscles of the face for a moment.'

[3] *Leg.* 'aut ut' with Munro and Mayor; Doederlein reads 'aut vel'; 'aut ne p. petantur,' Lachmann; Bücheler,

> 'ergo supervacua aut quae perniciosa petuntur?
> propter quae fas est genua incerare deorum?'

[4] Oxymoron—*subjecta potentia.*

[5] See note 2 on *Satire* 3. Key's notion (*Dict. s.v.*) that 'caballus' is a dignified term seems inconsistent with its exclusion from Horace's lyrics, while it occurs five times in *Satt.* and *Epp.* Nor is it found in heroics. Nettleship notes its use in a fragment of Cato in *Anth. Lat.* 388 (Riese). See especially quotations from S. Hieron. *Ep. ad Hel.*, and Gregorius Turon. in Ducange, *s.v.*

[6] *Cretatum*, 'tauntingly said,' Mayor. '*Creta* seems to have been a kind of pipe-clay, as our *chalk* appears to be quite unknown in Italy.'—Munro ap. Mayor.

[7] *I.e.* the *Delator*, not Tiberius, as Britann. and Ruperti.

[8] 'Cervice obstricta,' probably merely a figurative expression.

[9] 'Impulsae.' 'Impellere' not merely to *push* but to overthrow with a push. See Henry on Verg. *Aen.* 2 460, and 8 239. The whole passage looks like a verbal reminiscence of *Aen.* 2 460-65. Cf. praeceps, turris tabulata, impulsae, ruinae. There are many more of these echoes of the earlier poets in Juvenal than have yet been noted by the commentators; *e.g. Sat.* 1 149 (*Aen.* 2 460). A considerable number of reminiscences or parodies of Ovid, etc., are collected in *Apparatus Criticus ad Juven.* (C. Hosius), pp. 47 *sq.* Add Ov. *Am.* 2 15 26 (Juv. 10 164-66).

[10] Mayor translates 'O Rome, new born to fortune in my Consulship!' This hardly brings out the force of the accusative of exclamation. There seems also to be more point in regarding (with M. Guérin) the boast as referring to 'pater' and 'parens' 'patriae' (cf. 8 243). Rome was thus the 'child of the Consul.' It is only for the sake of the assonance that 'my consulate' instead of 'me the Consul' has been used in the version. For 'natus' with the bare ablative, which seems to be the most common const. in the case of the father (*ex* of the mother), cf. 14 241; 6 12; 13 142, etc. To reff. in comm. add Sen. *De Ira*, 3 37 *ad fin.* There seems to be nothing to show whether the line is from the poem on Cicero's Consulship, or from the epic *De Temporibus Meis.*

[11] For 'et'='and yet' cf. Catull. 29 9; Phaedr. 1 8 12. Καί is similarly used, *e.g.* Ev. Luc. 7 35; Joh. 16 32.

[12] 'Facies,' possibly 'sight,' 'appearance.' On 'caricature' see Mayor's note; cf. also Burn's *R. Lit. and Art*, pp. 60 and 63; Plut. *Adv. Col.* 17.

[13] 'Mundi' Mayor renders 'universe,' the more usual meaning of the word; but it also means 'world,' *e.g.* Hor. *Od.* 3 3 53; 24 38; and this meaning seems more appropriate to the present passage, the other being too extravagant.

[14] 'Er lies't aus Leibeskräften und schwitzt über und über,' Heinrich, following the *Scholiast*, 'ut alae ejus sudent.'

[15] Mayor renders the passage, 'This prayer you offer with set, unflinching look, this alone even pale [with fear of refusal].'

[16] *Leg.* 'hac' (Haupt, Jahn, Mayor), 'haec . . . repulso,' *P* and Bücheler.

[17] Cf. 128 and Tac. *Ann.* 11 36 'modesta juventa, *sed* corpore insigni.'

[18] For the satirical tone Mayor compares 1 84 (see reff. in note *ib.*)

[19] Lewis suggests an alternative rendering, 'who reckons mere length of life the smallest of Nature's boons.' This view is now taken by Mayor (4th ed.)

XI

[1] 'Sacri,' cf. Ov. *Epp. ex Pon.* 4 9 17; Hor. *Od.* 4 5 4; Verg. *Aen.* 1 426; Cic. *Cat.* 1 4 9.

For 'sive'—'vel' Dräger quotes Verg. *Cat.* 5 10 and *Anthol. Lat.* I. 725 10 (Riese).

[2] Sometimes explained as if 'ludebant'='alludebant'; but of such a const. as 'ad aliquid ludere' exx. are wanting.

[3] An ingenious conjecture 'clipeoque nitentis' by W. W. Merry is put forward in *Clas. Rev.* ii. 85.

[4] Jahn, Madvig, and Mayor punctuate at 'peragentibus,' regarding 'his' and 'hanc' as parallel.

[5] Lewis takes 'res'='fare,' quoting Cic. *Epp. ad Att.* 4 10, and Hor. *S.* 2 6 110; but in former passage (if the text be sound) the word most probably='scenery,' and in the latter may occur in the ordinary use with 'bonae'='prosperity, comfort.' Better exx. perhaps are Petron. 36, 'Res electissimas ridentes adgredimur,' and Ter. *Ad.* 765, 'Postquam intus sum omnium rerum satur'; cf. Eng. 'good things.' The lexx. generally ignore this use of 'res.' Mayor reads 'comparat,' following ω: 'comparet' *P* and Bücheler. 'Comparat' suits 'despicit' better, and '-et' might easily be caused by 'et' following; but on the other hand 'comparet' may be a reminiscence of Ov. *Am.* 1 8 33.

[6] *Leg.* 'erit et magno; cum posces.' It seems impossible to make any satisfactory sense out of 'in magno,' the reading of *P* adopted by Bücheler.

[7] 'Cantabitur.' Referring to the intonation; or else, 'instead of the "cantus" of the singing-girl, our song shall be that of the author of the *Iliad*.'

[8] *Leg.* 'quando licebit,' etc. Bücheler, 'quando licebat Per totum cessare diem'?

[9] 'Non'—Quintilian, 1 5 50, condemns use of 'non' for 'ne' as a solecism, cf. Hor. *S.* 2 5 91; Pers. 5 45; Verg. *Aen.* 12 78;

Ov. *A. A.* 3 129, on which Key remarks, 'non is more emphatic than ne, like our "never."' See *Journal of Philology*, vol. vii. 54-59.

[10] Mayor compares Hor. *S.* 1 3 16 (*Epp.* 1 7 1 might be added), but it seems most probable that there is a reference to the days of the festival.

XII

[1] I take it that from 'densae' to 'ardentibus' is a mock-quotation (if not a real one). The rhythm is heroic. Juvenal quotes it, and then goes on: 'that's the way it's done in poetry.'

Is *naufragium* a mistake for *auxilium*? 'and thought no help could be given to the burning sails,' *i.e.* that they were past hope. —T. G. T.

[2] Is there a reference to *sors* = 'stock-in-trade'?—T. G. T.

[3] Here mark a mock-quotation again from 'cum plenus' to 'cum ventis' in the heroic vein, followed by Juvenal's own flippant style. This is the *new* kind, the new development mentioned above.—T. G. T.

[4] If this be a quotation, then it is easy to account for *arbŏrĭ*; Indeed, if it be a quotation, the scansion would be effective.—T. G. T. 'Arbor,' however, in itself seems a particularly suitable word for a swaying mast, and its use for 'mast' is not confined to poetry, *e.g.* 'curvatur arbor' in Pliny, *Ep.* 9 26. In addition to exx. in Mayor, see Key, *Dict.*, and Nettleship, *Contributions.*

[5] There is an excellent plan of the harbour, etc., in Rich's *Dict. of Ant.* p. 522, taken from Labacco's survey in sixteenth century.

Mayor renders 'moles,' etc., by 'moles carried out amidst enclosed seas'; but this would be to identify the 'moles' with the 'bracchia,' and make a weak tautology. There are two other possible ways of explaining the passage. Both seem preferable to Mayor's: (1) moles = molem, referring to the breakwater opposite the entrance. Thus the objects are given precisely in the order in which they meet the view of one approaching from the sea, and the words 'moles' and 'bracchia' are used exactly as by Suetonius (*Claud.* 20) in his description of the work; or (as suggested by

R. T. Elliott) (2) 'moles' may be used generally of the whole of the structures that formed the harbour, while vv. 76, 77 go on to give a more detailed description.

[6] Or *sed* perhaps = δ'οὖν—resumptive.

XIII

[1] 'Sed nec'; cf. 11 7 and 136. The connection seems to be—'*But*, apart from the sympathy with you, and against the evil-doer, there is the further consideration that,' etc.

[2] See Henry's *Aeneidea*, vol. i. p. 378: 'gurges,' the stream: 'vortex,' the stream's eddies.

[3] *Leg.* with Munro 'solitumst.' Mayor has now (4th ed.) abandoned this, and reads 'solitus.' The difficulty is got over, to some extent, by supposing that 'solitus' refers to the thief's earlier career of villainy. Professor Brady (*Hermathena*, ii. pp. 195, 196) takes 'minor' as predicate, 'turns out on this occasion a *sacrilegus* on a smaller scale *in that he* only scratches (qui radat).'

[4] 'Assidue' is taken by Jacobs, Lewis, and others as 'frequenter.' On the other hand see Heinrich's note.

[5] Cf. Tennyson, 'Sea-Dreams'—

> 'A silent court of Justice in his breast.'

[6] *Leg.* 'Setina' (Jahn, Mayor, and Ribbeck); 'sed vina' is the reading of *P* ω.

XIV

[1] There is a remarkable parallelism (pointed out by Messrs. Tyrrell and Purser, *Correspondence of Cicero*, vol. 3) between this passage and Cic. *ad Att.* 5 21 13, 'Habes meam causam: quae si Bruto non probatur, nescio cur illum amemus: sed avunculo ejus certe probabitur.' For the typical use of Cato's name see Cic. *Q. Fratr.* 1 2 15, 'Civis Romanus et Cato.' Cf. Vell. Paterc. 2 18, 'Odio in Romanos Hannibal.'

[2] *Leg.* 'pater.' 'Puer' s.

[3] 'Ventosa.' The epithet can scarcely refer, as some editors take it, to the pressure of the atmosphere on the outer surface of the 'cucurbita,' nor yet, as others think, to the current of air withdrawn by exhausting the instrument. The word means 'windy,

'full of wind,' *e.g.* 'folles' Verg. *A.* 8 449 ; 'speluncae,' Lucr. 6 537 ; 'concha,' Luc. 9 349 ; and seems to have been used by Juvenal in ignorance of the true principle of the cupping-glass.

[4] 'Fila' sometimes taken to = strings ; but Mart. 11 52 6 would go to show that it refers to the cutting of the leek. 'Slices' would, perhaps, be nearer the mark than 'parings,' the rendering in the version.

[5] *Leg.* 'parcendum est teneris : nondum implevere medullas
maturae mala nequitiae. Ast cum' (Jahn).

Bücheler reads

'parcendum est teneris, nondum implevere medullas :
naturae mala nequitia est. Cum.'

'Naturae' and 'nequitia est' are supported by *P.*

[6] 'Et qui per fraudes,' etc., must, if it is to have any syntax, follow 'praecepit amorem,' and so is out of place, as it now stands.

[7] The version follows Hermann's punctuation.

[8] '*Castor vigil*, because a guard kept watch in the temple' (Mayor). 'Vigil' seems also to contain a covert reproach of Mars, on whom it was especially incumbent to be watchful. 'Mars, vigila' was the formula of invocation to the god when war was proclaimed. See Serv. ad Verg. *Aen.* 8 3.

[9] But it is possible that the 'sed' may be meant to heighten the contrast between the rich merchant and the poor castaway. This use of 'sed' is familiar enough. See exx. given by Mayor and Lewis on 5 147. Sonnenschein on *Rud.* 799 gives two other exx. from Plaut. *Cas.* (in one anticipated by Tyrrell, *Clas. Rev.* ii. 23 *a*). *Ad Att.* 7 1 2 (see Boot, *ad loc.*, who, however, in ref. Mart. 3 24 5, has adopted a false reading) is perhaps the only instance in Cicero of 'sed' alone in this use ; but even here it is possible that it is merely resumptive = δ'οὖν, and so Dräger, II. p. 101. The use is common in Martial, from whom Mayor gives 8 exx., Friedländer (on Mart. 1 117 7) contributing as many more. Add (*si tanti est*) 1 43 9.

[10] 'Dolia,' ordinarily translated 'tub,' of course strictly an earthenware vessel.

[11] *Leg.* 'atque.' For this sufficiently common use of 'atque' see Nettleship, *Contributions, s.v.* Another reading is 'aut.'

XV

[1] The dog's mistress.

[2] *Leg.* 'hic' with ω, supported by Munro (ap. Mayor), who compares 3 12. If the reading of P 'hinc' be retained, it would seem better to take it as='ex hac parte,' rather than with Mayor '"hereupon," owing to the hasty flight.'

[3] The sense seems to be: 'If you have any doubts as to whether the *first* liked *his* taste (which would naturally be the choicest titbit), I can tell you the *last* liked it sufficiently to scoop a spoonful of the blood off the very ground.' 'Nam' (v. 89) refers to the remark that they *liked* it, 'for I can tell you,' etc. 'Sed' (v. 87) is either (1) merely resumptive after digression, *δ' οὖν* or *δέ*, or (2) it contrasts the feelings of the cannibals with your feelings and mine, Volusius.

[4] *Leg.* 'ventribus' *H. Valesius*, followed by Jahn, Ribbeck, and Hermann; 'urbibus' P *s* accepted by Bücheler and Mayor.

[5] *Leg.* 'nec enim omnia, quaedam' with Jahn and Hermann. Bücheler, followed by Mayor, reads, 'nec enim omnia quidam.'

[6] *I.e.* by a more terrible sacrifice even than this.

XVI

[1] Mayor, however, takes 'relictum' to mean 'given over, abandoned'!

[2] Spartianus, referred to by Lewis, says of Hadrian 'nulli vitem nisi robusto et bonae famae daret.' In v. 14 it seems to be ironically suggested that the burly legs are made or chosen to match the huge subsellia: for somewhat analogous uses of 'ad' see Hand, *Tursell.* vol. i. pp. 112-122. Add Hor. *Sat.* 1 6 95.

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